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CATHOLIC LITERATURE FOR THE POOR.

No. II.

No Catholic can wish to shut his eyes to the fact of a great educational work, chiefly affecting the poor, being carried on amongst us with considerable zeal and activity at the present moment; it is clear, moreover, that this work, so far from declining, is in the way to be made more and more efficient, and to gain increased accessions of strength. Now all real teaching, such as that which is now being given, must produce its effects; and the more efficient the teaching becomes, and the greater the number of the teachers employed, the greater will, of course, be the result. There are persons who shake their heads, with a long and ominous countenance, at the thought of what this result is likely to prove; whilst others, on the contrary, have scarcely patience to wait for it, but would fain require at the hands of the existing generation the pleasant fruits that cannot reasonably be looked for until after the lapse of many years. It is not our intention here to strike the balance between these two classes of expectants, but only to insist upon the point in which they both agree; viz. that very positive actual results of some kind or other must certainly ensue;—*are we prepared for them?*

We presume our schools to be efficient for their own ends. And one simple, natural, and inevitable result of a good school of the class now in vogue is this, that it teaches to read, and forms in the mind the taste, the appetite for, and the habit of reading. No doubt this is a very excellent and valuable acquirement; but are we careful to bear in mind that the pupil who gains this taste and habit in our school carries it also out of the school into a world rife with the conflict of *good* and *evil* food for the mind? We create the appetite for reading, and think we are doing God service in creating it; have we also fairly considered whether we have

a sufficiency of good Catholic food and wholesome nutriment wherewith to satisfy this appetite? or are we taking any steps to provide it? What man thinks of surrounding his table with hungry guests without first considering how he is to provide that which he knows they will want? or what should we say, on the score of charity and wisdom, of the managers of a school who should concoct a plan for some holiday excursion for their children, and make a special point of leaving out of their calculations the question of satisfying the hungry mouths which the said excursion would necessarily create? Yet when we contemplate the present educational movement amongst us, proceeding as it is in full career with high-pressure movement, and wind and tide in its favour, is there not reason to fear lest we should be making numbers of hungry mouths without knowing where we are to lay hands on the Catholic food with which they will require to be fed, and which they will have a clear and undeniable right to ask for at the hands of those by whose act and encouragement it has been that they have gained their appetite for it? The mind of a well-taught and intelligent boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age is naturally disposed to take a very different, and much more dangerous, view of the world and the attractions to be found in it, and is altogether quite another thing from the mind of an honest but unimaginative and uninstructed child brought up from the first to manual labour, and knowing nothing of the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Such a mind demands quite a different kind of care and direction. Besides a warm heart and susceptible imagination, there is now a power of intelligence awakened, a mental appetite to satisfy, and an activity of mind to employ. Nothing is easier on the part of the world than to supply every possible variety of noxious food, whereby, whilst seeming to satisfy, it in truth perverts and destroys the soul. Dangerous company, dangerous amusements, innumerable publications disguising vice, libertinism, and falsehood under every form of deception, are within reach, almost at the very instant that the desire for them is formed. The friends of education, therefore, must not take it in bad part if they find themselves reminded that their interest in the welfare of those over whose youth of fair and hopeful promise they have exerted so beneficent an influence does not end when the farewell salutation and mutual good wishes have been interchanged at the schoolroom door. It is owing to their care that many an innocent spirit will carry into the world susceptibilities, that, but for them, would never have been known; and what if those pupils should at some future time return to their

teachers, and ask of them food for the appetite they have created, and direction for the capacities they have awakened? What, we say, will then be the feelings of the early instructors of these children when they find that the little literary food they have to offer barely sufficed for the wants of the schoolroom, that it has long ago been used up and become threadbare, before schooldays were over; and that now their only resource is either to forbid the very taste they have themselves formed, or to throw it back upon the world's poison for its satisfaction? To attempt the former is to attempt what is impossible: the appetite of the human mind is like that of the body; when once excited, it will not be appeased without food of *some* kind; if the Church has no literary food to set before these craving minds, they will infallibly obtain it at the hands of the world. And what is the literature of the English world in this nineteenth century when weighed in a Catholic balance? The very best of it, speaking generally, is not better than neutral; the larger half is not only objectionable, but so simply bad, that its very existence is one of the evils against which we have to protect ourselves and our children. Moreover, this literature surrounds us on every side, and has a thousand seducing arts whereby to attract the unwary. Before the age of printing books and the general diffusion of the power of reading, the spiritual warfare of truth was mainly confined to the collision of mouth with mouth, either in the form of discussion between individuals on which an issue of more or less extent depended, or in the collision of school with school. But under the influence of the printing-press the warfare of truth has undergone a great change. In the middle ages, a poor man who had the good luck to live in a tolerably well-regulated parish had the ordinary temptations incident to humanity to resist, but he was not in the way of meeting with any wide-spread trap to catch hold of his mind and lead it astray. The same poor man could not now go to a bookstall at a fair and lay out sixpence in a book without running a very fair chance of making a purchase which he would only have to read and believe in order to go to hell. In the middle ages, a dangerous heretic or seducer was a living man, who made proselytes by his powers of personal persuasion, and was encountered on his own ground by some other living man on the side of the Church; the desperate collision that arose between the two being abundantly sufficient to put the most careless on their guard, and to hinder any person from being caught unawares. As the case stands now, the whole mind of such a man as Thomas à Kempis can be condensed, so to speak, into a space

of three or four square inches, and made to lie perfectly quiet on the same stall with the whole mind of Tom Paine, reduced to an equally portable compass; and the poor man may be induced to purchase either the one or the other, according to the persuasions of the salesman or some other accident of the moment, without a suspicion perhaps that the two books represent two entirely opposite interests,—that the one is a guide to heaven, the other to hell.

In countries, the government of which is under the influence of Catholic ideas, and in others where the laws of the Church are in force, an external power is brought to bear to obstruct the circulation of books which are reputed injurious to faith and morals. In Great Britain, the traffic and commerce in ideas, rendered tangible through the printing-press, is under no restraint, except that of the law which makes whatever outrages public decency contraband goods. In the midst of the deluge of readable ideas, which commerce thus sets in circulation amongst us, quite irrespectively of their moral good or evil, truth or falsehood, and solely with a view to its own commercial profit, we have to consider the case of a large and increasing class, most dear to every Catholic, the class of the Christian poor, who are becoming, through our means, more and more alive to the charms of literature. Now, we cannot stop the course of commerce and prevent the production of bad and poisonous fruits of the intellect; neither can we expect from the poor a practised power of discernment, that will be able to make its own selections from the general stock, and always choose the good and reject the evil. What remains for us to do, therefore, and what we are called upon by every motive of Christian charity to do zealously, is to provide books of our own for the use of our own people, and to avail ourselves of every possible means of forcing them upon the attention of those for whose benefit they are intended; and none are more urgently required to exert themselves in behalf of this good work than those who, by promoting the progress of education in our schools, have put their hands to a great building, which, without it, they will not only be unable to complete, but must even expect to see a most disastrous ruin.

We shall be asked, however, Where is this Catholic literature to come from? how is it to be produced? We answer, that as, when a man wishes to build a house or a church, the first question which arises concerns, of course, the means of paying for it, and the next, the architect and builders to be employed upon it; so also, if one wishes to produce a literature suited to the wants of the poor, the same questions arise, and in the same order—how is it to be paid for? and who are

to write it? The "*how is it to be paid for*" we have already considered, and have come to the conclusion, that the proper and only adequate support for such a work is to be found in the putting the matter fairly before Catholics of every rank and position in the Church, and urging it upon them that a Catholic literature for the poor is a wise and efficient way of doing an evangelising work, well suited to our present circumstances; and that it is, therefore, their duty and privilege, each in their several spheres, to lend an active and willing co-operation towards increasing its circulation. And so also, when we come to the next point, the consideration of the authors and publishers, we find it necessary again to insist upon the same topic. British naval officers say that the secret of the success of the English sea-fights is mainly attributable to the feeling which every British sailor has, that if he leaps on board the enemy's ship first, however desperate the attempt may seem, his comrades will follow him, and never suffer him to be cut in pieces alone. A French sailor, they say, has not the same confidence in his comrades, and will be sure to look round to see if he is supported before he will trust himself on the enemy's deck, and thus the favourable moment is lost. Now, it is this same feeling which the British sailor has of the certainty of being supported, that it is necessary the authors and publishers of a Catholic literature for the poor should be able to entertain. Let the mind of each individual Catholic be possessed with the idea that he will do a really good work by exerting himself in the place where he lives to promote the circulation of Catholic books; then the Catholic author will feel that he may write a book, and the Catholic publisher will feel that he may print it, without the certain prospect of losing his little means of subsistence. But as matters are at present, there is no organisation amongst us in matters of this kind; *we expect the same person to do every thing*. If a man has a fancy for writing books for the poor, we are content that he should also be left to pay for the printing and publishing of them, and provide means for their circulation. From time to time some spirited individual perhaps makes an attempt, and it generally issues in a result highly creditable to his own zeal, and also strongly *in terrorem* to its being imitated by others, or repeated by himself. This is not the only good work in which Catholic charity suffers greatly for lack of sufficient organisation; we could name charitable institutions of the utmost value and importance, which either do not exist or drag on a feeble existence in this country, solely because the *whole* burden of every department is suffered to rest on the same shoulders. Are religious ladies ready to devote their time and

personal services to the care of poor orphans? they are not unfrequently expected also to find a considerable proportion of the funds required for their maintenance. This is a subject, however, to which we must return on a future occasion; at present we only desire to insist upon the importance, at the present day, of doing every thing that is possible towards the promotion of a Catholic literature for the poor. Literature is one of the great engines of the day; let not the enemy be the only one to make use of it. There is a large body of poor ready and anxious to receive it at our hands; let us not be content to send them empty away. The burden of the work does not rest with authors and authoresses; these will be found, we need not fear; but the real burden of the work lies with each separate Catholic congregation throughout the country, and with each individual in them, if he chooses to exert himself.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF PATRON SAINTS.

NO. III. PATRON SAINTS OF SCOTLAND.

THE researches of the ecclesiastical antiquary have much in common with those of the geologist. Both have to do with history, written, not so much in books as in facts; accumulated, not in libraries and repositories of learning, but in the records of nature herself; in the phenomena of progressive change and extinction; of decay and reproduction, which mark the passage of successive eras; of the silent substitution or the violent convulsion, whose characteristics are clearly stamped on the material remains of a former state of creation, which it concerns the antiquary and the geologist to observe and interpret. As the physical history of a country is written in the fissures of its mountains and the walls that are worn by its rivers, in the ancient contents of its morasses, and the variable outline and level of its coast; the records of ecclesiastical change must be sought in the hoary ruins that idly encumber its soil; in the local names of hill and valley and arm of the sea; in the manners and customs of its people. The remains of species of fauna and flora, either extinct or found only in distant countries, are not a more certain clue to the nature and circumstances of animal and vegetable life in remote ages, and to the mutual relations of one country with another in these respects, than is the excavation, or the lingering superstition, or the still familiar name, to a spiritual condition of

things once universally prevailing, and still perhaps found in living observance in other lands. One class of phenomena it is the business of the skilful geologist to arrange; and thus, by careful comparison of facts, to extend the domain of history far beyond any written documents. While the accomplished antiquary, with another class of observations to deal with, detects the footprints of an ancient faith; perceives the influence of a religious age, which is separated from the present by a wide and rugged chasm strewn with wrecks; the material evidence of a terrible convulsion that has rent asunder the continuity between the present and the past. By this means he too pushes his inquiries far beyond the limits of written history, which, from its scantiness, often assumes quite a secondary and inferior place in his researches.

Scotland is remarkable for the poverty of the documentary evidence borne to the extent and character of its ancient church; such was the fury of fanatical zeal with which the books and papers of the religious houses were searched for and destroyed. But it is equally remarkable for the richness and abundance of that other evidence of facts which gives employment to the perseverance and ingenuity of the antiquary to gather together and arrange. Were every fragment of written evidence destroyed, much could be recovered by means of the material vestiges of Catholic ages still abounding all over the country. Nearly three centuries have passed since the occurrence of the great convulsion which made a ruin of the Catholic Church in Scotland, and introduced a new phase of things in its place; but even that long period has not sufficed to root out of the land, hardly to diminish in number, the visible and lasting evidence of the powerful hold once taken of the Scottish mind by the institutions and the faith of Catholic times. Is it evidence of the honour paid to the holy Mother of Jesus that is wanted? She may be found represented at this day in the armorial bearings of towns, such as Banff* and Rutherglen, with the divine Child in her arms; or, as in the instance of Leith, with her Son, at sea in an open boat, as the hope of mariners. In north and south alike, her name is preserved in many modern parishes, such as Ladykirk, Maryculter, Marykirk, and Marytown. Many wells, once reckoned holy, are still called by her name, and are more or less celebrated in their immediate vicinity; through-

* It is a curious fact, that while the editor of the *Tablet* newspaper was severely blamed, even by some Catholics, a few years ago, for placing a representation of the Madonna and Child at the head of his paper; the *Banffshire Journal*, a thoroughly Protestant paper, circulating amongst the Presbyterian population of at least two counties, adopted, without blame or suspicion, a similar effigy, in allusion to the arms of the town of Banff.

out the country, the Lady-well, or the Lady's well, or Mary-well, is accounted among local curiosities. Nay the very features of natural scenery become evidence of her once supreme influence in Scotland: on its southern shore the Lady-bay still recalls her name, so does the Lady-glen in Ayrshire, and the Lady-hill at Elgin. No less so does Mary's-loch in Ross-shire and Peebleshire, and the village of Marytown, and Maryford, and the town of Motherwell in Lanarkshire. In the town of Old Aberdeen, the "Snow-churchyard," remains as an interesting monument of the dedication of the old church in honour of our Lady *ad nives*, August 5.

In a country of inclement and tempestuous seasons, where the glen is swept by the wild wintry blast, and the roar of the ocean mingles with the war of the elements on land, the patronage of the archangel Michael was naturally sought as a protection against the Prince of the power of the air. Accordingly that celestial prince is found as the patron saint of towns like Dumfries,* where the old parish church still bears his name; or Linlithgow, where he is represented in the arms of the town with this inscription, *Vis Sancti Michaelis collocet nos in cælo.*† St. Michael's well also recurs among the remarkable things pointed out to the curious inquirer in Lanarkshire and Banffshire; in Linlithgow there is a small well surmounted by an image of St. Michael, with the inscription, "St. Michael is kind to strangers." And among the names of parishes, Crossmichael, and Cambusmichael, and Kirkmichael, are of familiar occurrence.

The holy precursor of the Lord has always been associated in much of the honour paid to the divine Infant and his blessed Mother by the inhabitants of Catholic lands; and Scotland was no exception to the general observation. The town of Perth, once the seat of the court, was placed under the patronage of St. John Baptist; and was hence often called St. Johnstoun. The seal of the town represents the beheading of the faithful precursor at the command of Herod, and the suggestion of the daughter of Herodias.‡ Ayr, in like manner, called him her patron, and celebrated an annual fair about the time of his nativity, which is still held, the last Tuesday in June.§ St. John's well is an object of local interest in many counties; though whether named in honour of the Baptist, or of the beloved disciple and exile of Patmos, it is sometimes difficult to ascertain.

A glance at a topographical dictionary of Scotland will

* Caledonia, iii. 138.

† New Statistical Account, xiv. 567. Caledonia, ii. 876, *note*.

‡ New Statistical Account, x. 25.

§ Caledonia, iii. 499.

satisfy any one of the extent to which the honour of the saints was regarded in the nomenclature of former times; and will surprise any one not already acquainted with the preservation of their names, in the most civilised as much as in the most primitive parts of the country. The saints most immediately connected with the introduction of Christianity into it naturally occupy a prominent position of honour; their names, as might have been expected, are most extensively associated with the sacred buildings and villages and holy wells throughout the land. Thus St. Ninian, the apostle of the Lowlands of Scotland, is still named in almost every county in connexion with some unfailing memorial of his ancient renown; from the parish church, near Stirling, called after him St. Ninian's, to the venerable burying-place in a more northern county, where the remains of many generations of faithful Catholics have been deposited during the last two centuries. Icolmkill, or Iona, and Kirkcolme, and the island of St. Colme, keep alive the memory of Columba the apostle of the Highlands; the name of the apostle of Ireland is maintained in nearly equal honour in Kirkpatrick, and Kilpatrick, and Portpatrick. Kirkeudbright represents the saintly monk of Melrose, the patron of the county town, who sat in the see, first of Lindisfarne, and afterwards of Durham; and passed into his rest from the lonely island of Farne, on the coast of Northumbria. Palladius, or Paldy, another missionary bishop sent from Rome to Scotland, is still remembered in the vicinity of Fordun, where his body rests; a well in the minister's garden, and a fair held in the neighbourhood the first week in July, are still named after him.

Kentigern, or Mungo, second to none in apostolic labours and in renown, is still in honour all over the country, and especially within his ancient diocese of Glasgow. The seal of that city used to represent him in his episcopal robes giving his blessing* in the form of words still preserved in the motto of the city, "Let Glasgow flourish." The fish which appears in the city arms is a memorial of a miracle performed by the saint when applied to for the recovery of a precious jewel that had been lost. His tomb is shewn to travellers in the crypt underneath the east end of the cathedral of Glasgow. There is a strange tale of an attempt made about forty years ago to penetrate its secrets, the particulars of which were related to us nearly as follows by a venerable prelate now no more.

A party of Protestants in search of adventure determined on exploring the tombs underneath the church. They per-

* Caledonia, iii. 611, 612.

suaded a Catholic, a collector of curiosities, to join them; and having got possession of the keys of the crypt on some pretence or other, late on a Saturday night, with the aid of a dark lantern, they went to work. The first tomb they opened was that of Zachary Boyd, the Presbyterian author of a translation of the Bible in rhyme, of whom, however, nothing was revealed to their curiosity but dust and ashes. The beautiful altar-tomb of St. Mungo at the east end of the crypt next attracted their attention. It stood about six feet above the original floor of the crypt, but an accumulation of earth had by that time reached within nearly a foot of the top of the tomb. With great difficulty they succeeded in removing a stone from one side of it; when, as a Protestant present afterwards declared, a perfume so fragrant escaped through the opening, that they fled in alarm behind one of the pillars, where they stood trembling for about a quarter of an hour. Recovering by degrees their presence of mind, they resumed their search; and on removing one or two more stones, they beheld with amazement the figure of a bishop arrayed in his vestments, the mitre only excepted; his ring was of silver, a little corroded in the inner part; his pastoral staff of reddish-coloured wood; and a small cross of silk on his breast, such as might be attached to the end of a stole or maniple. Every thing bore evident traces of very great antiquity. On removing the external coverings the entire skeleton was exposed to view underneath. After satisfying their curiosity, they closed up the tomb and retired before daylight. The evening of the next day the Catholic accomplice in this adventure waited on our informant and related to him all the circumstances, with so much anxiety and agitation of manner as to leave no doubt of the truth of his story. It was afterwards confirmed by the testimony of his Protestant associates.

The connexion of the capital of Scotland with its patron Saint Giles, or Egidius, is more remote, as well as more difficult to trace; depending probably on circumstances of local history, all record of which has been lost. He too was once represented on the city seal;* and one of the supporters in the city arms is still the hind, which, as sacred story relates, was attracted to the remote hermitage of the saint, and mutely claimed protection from huntsmen and hounds. A large relic of St. Giles was presented to the principal church in Edinburgh, which was, and is still, called by his name; and an annual procession of an image of the saint formed part of the ceremonial on his festival, September 1st. One of the first ebullitions of reforming zeal was directed against this prac-

* Caledonia, ii. 558.

tice; in the memorable year 1558, the procession of St. Giles was rudely interrupted by the mob, the clergy composing it were driven away, and the statue of the saint ignominiously consigned to the waters of the North-loch. The whole story afforded a subject for pleasantries to the historians of the Reformation; and, only a few years ago, the pen of a fair disciple of the same reformed faith was devoted to the celebration of this scene of outrage.*

It is equally difficult to establish a connexion between St. Nicholas and Aberdeen, a town of his patronage, where his well-known restoration of three children, who had been inhumanly murdered and thrown into a caldron, is represented in the armorial coat of the town and on its seal.

The whole of Scotland is under the patronage of the great apostle St. Andrew. It was in the fourth century, as nearly as can be ascertained, that St. Regulus, or Rule, a Greek monk, landed, or was driven upon the coast of Fife, with considerable relics of the saint, and laid the foundation of the Christian faith in the country, together with the rudiments of the metropolitan city of St. Andrews. The reputation of the apostle's shrine attracted thousands of pilgrims from the furthest parts of Europe; a stately cathedral was erected in his honour, and a university was established for the education of Scottish youth, which attained great celebrity in the north of Europe. Scotland is represented, at this day, on the British union-flag, by the cross of peculiar form proper to St. Andrew; the apostle is the patron of the national order of the Thistle, as in Austria of the Golden Fleece; many civil institutions, professing a national character, adopt his effigy and cross as their badge; and besides St. Andrews in Fife, his name is borne by a parish in Banffshire, in Morayshire, and in the distant Orkney.

Fully six centuries after the *cultus* of St. Andrew had been introduced into Scotland, the coast of Fife also received a royal stranger, driven by stress of weather out of her course, and destined by a wonderful providence ere long to be associated with the apostle in the patronage of Scotland. This royal exile was Margaret, grand-niece of the Confessor of England, then on her way from its inhospitable shores to her mother's relations in Hungary. Malcolm Ceanmore, then residing with his court at Dunfermline, entertained her with kindness, and soon after married her. For three-and-twenty years she exercised her queenly influence and authority for the civilisation and improvement of her husband and his rude

* St. Giles, its patron saint, is also represented in the arms of the burgh of Elgin.

subjects; she reformed religion throughout the country, and set an example of the practice of many heroic charities. Dark days of misfortune succeeded the auspicious beginning of her reign; her husband and eldest son lay dead on the field before the walls of Alnwick; and in that darkest hour Margaret gave up her soul to God in the castle of Edinburgh. How soon the mourning nation felt the mysterious influence of her protection and intercession in heaven it is now very difficult to say, but the reputation of her sanctity grew so great, that, little more than 150 years after her decease, she was publicly canonised by Innocent IV., and has long been regarded as joint patroness of her adopted country, together with the holy apostle. The town of Queensferry, which is called by her name, bears for its arms the well-known coat of St. Edward the Confessor, her granduncle; St. Margaret's Bay is still known on the coast of Fife; St. Margaret's Hope is the name of a village in the island of Orkney; and the inhabitants of part of Lanarkshire, and of Edinburgh, are familiar with St. Margaret's Well. Within these few years a poor woman, a Catholic, residing in the capital, was so much reduced by dropsical affections that her life was despaired of. One night she dreamed that a queenly woman, with a bright crown on her head, accosted her, and bade her send for a little of the water of St. Margaret's Well. She did so, drank of it, and was cured; and still lives to relate the story, as she did to us.

As far as it now appears, there was nothing peculiar to Scotland in the choice of patron saints made and observed by the guilds and corporations of trades and professions; the records of their gifts to the saints' altars in the churches of cities and towns much resemble similar gifts made all over Christendom. St. Anne was patroness of tailors; St. Crispin of shoemakers, in Scotland, as every where else.

The number of ancient wells under the names of saints, existing in Scotland, is another remarkable proof of the tenacity of such associations which distinguishes its popular mind. Besides those to which we have already incidentally alluded, nearly every county has its holy well, sometimes more than one of them; many of them are called by the names of local saints; many also by the more widely honoured names of such saints as Peter, Matthew, James, Philip, Mark, Clement, Laurence,* Dunstan, Bride or Bridget, Helen, and Catherine. The last name belongs to a well, distant about three miles

* St. Laurence, the patron saint of the town of Forres, in Morayshire, is represented in the arms of the burgh with his gridiron, and a chaplet round his head.

from Edinburgh, which has been long celebrated for the healing virtues of its water; partly, as it seems, owing to the petroleum which floats in abundance on its surface; and partly, no doubt, to the faith of those who have recourse to it. About ten years ago, as we are informed by an accomplished antiquary, the deserted well of St. Kain, at New Deer in Buchan, came into great repute again, through the analysis of a neighbouring medical gentleman. Crowds resorted to it on horseback and on foot; and those who could not go themselves, sent bottles and barrels for the wonder-working water.

Our estimate of the lingering influence of Catholic ages in Scotland would be imperfect, did we omit to take notice of the numerous fairs which are still held on days once dedicated to the memory of the saints, and which keep alive their names. We have already mentioned one or two of these; in addition, we must not forget such remarkable examples as St. Mirren's fair, held at Paisley on his festival, September 15;* St. James', at Lanark, and in Kincardine, the end of July; St. Mary Magdalene's, at Linlithgow;† the Lammas fair at Lanark, and elsewhere, early in August; the Rood fair, at Dumfries, the end of September; Allhallow fair, at Edinburgh, the middle of November; St. Peter's fair, "of Rathven," in the Enzie of Banff, about the octave of SS. Peter and Paul; the Lady fair, about the festival of the Assumption, in the parish of Mortlach, in Banffshire; Mungo's fair, in Glasgow. The town of Forres, in Morayshire, is peculiarly rich in its markets; no less than seven are distinguished by old Catholic names. St. John's is held early in January; Candlemas, the third week in February; Pace market, about the middle of April, near Pace (Pasch), or Easter Sunday; Whitsunday market, a month later; St. Laurence's, about the end of August; Michaelmas, late in September; St. Leonard's, about the 20th of November. At Old Rain, between Huntly and Inverury, in Aberdeenshire, St. Sair's (Servanus) fair, early in July, and St. Louren's in August, are annually held. The occurrence of some of these fairs later in the year than the festival from which they take their name, is accounted for by the change of style in England, in 1752, never having found its way into the rural districts of Scotland, or among its agricultural population, to this day. They are content to count their time a fortnight later than their neighbours, rather than adopt a change; especially when that change originated with a Roman pontiff. The fair of Christ's kirk of Kinnelmouk was held on a bright night of the month of May, the invention of the Holy Cross, from sunset till an hour after sunrise. The

* *Caledonia*, iii. 820, *note*.

† *Ibid.* ii. 874, *note*.

proprietor interfered, and changed the time of keeping it, from night to day; the people then neglected it. In the valley of Strathglass, only a few years ago, they kept as a universal holiday the festival of St. Bean, first bishop of the see of Mortlach, which was afterwards transferred to Aberdeen.

Even now a degree of reverence, which must be deemed superstitious, because unmeaning, and without foundation or consistency, is attached to the many mutilated fragments of stone crosses, which hold themselves erect on the village green, and amidst the waving corn; and which are suffered to remain, from a vague fear of the consequences likely to follow the infliction of any injury upon them. Strange, wild stories pass from father to son, of summary and fearful vengeance falling on some bold iconoclast, who had ventured to lay sacrilegious hands on the symbol of the Lord's Cross.* And, in general, there is a universal impression, especially in the remoter districts, that the monuments of Catholic times are best left alone; that to interfere with them, either from ill will or for some advantage, bodes no good. In the churchyard of Kirkmichael in Strathaven, a district of Banffshire, there is a remarkable cross, which has frequently been forcibly removed from its site, requiring the united strength of eight men to carry it; and as often it has been restored to its place. No one will now venture to meddle with it, or to pass it, within a distance of half a mile, without lifting the hat, and saluting it. A little way to the east of the ancient borough of Elgin, an intelligent observer will detect, in the middle of a highly cultivated field, a patch of ground, about half an acre in extent, lying waste; it is the site of a *Maison Dieu*, or hospital for lepers, which was once amply endowed; its revenues are now applied to secular purposes; but there is not a man in that neighbourhood hardy enough to pass his plough over the poor piece of ground where it stood.

We should still but imperfectly appreciate the singular tenacity with which the Scottish people retain the memory of ancient times and ancient things, did we not also take into account the stringent enactments made by the civil and ecclesiastical legislature, forbidding the observance of festivals, the frequenting of holy wells, and other remains of Catholicity. Take the celebrated Act of the Scottish parliament, under James VI., as an example, of date, October 24, 1581; in

* Devotion to the *title* of the Holy Cross is perpetuated in the name of a town in Fife; Ballingrie, commonly pronounced Bingrie, which is nothing else but Bal-I. N. R. I. It will not improbably also be found that the name of Croftangry, in the vicinity of Holyrood House at Edinburgh, and familiar to the readers of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, though usually derived from a Gaelic origin, is in reality composed of Croft-I. N. R. I.

which it is set forth, that forasmuch as the dregs of idolatry yet remain in divers parts of the realm, by using of pilgrimages to some chapels, wells, crosses, and such other monuments of superstition; as also by observing the festival-days of the saints, sometimes named their patrons, in setting forth of bonfires, singing of carols within and without kirks, at certain seasons of the year, and observing of such other superstitious and papistical rites, to the dishonour of God, contempt of his true religion, and fostering of great error among the people; for a first offence a landed gentleman or his wife should forfeit a hundred pounds (Scots), an unlanded gentleman a hundred marks, and a yeoman forty pounds; and for a repetition of the offence they should suffer death, as idolaters. The magistrates of town and country are further charged to make diligent search for persons going on such pilgrimages, and observing such superstitious rites and customs, "as also for the superstitious observers of the festival-days of the saints, sometimes named their patrons, where there are no public fairs and markets;" to which clause of exemption we may be, perhaps, indebted for the preservation of our old Catholic fairs.*

It was not the fault of the ecclesiastical government if such sanguinary enactments were allowed to fall into abeyance. It seems, indeed, to have led the way. As early as 1573 the General Assembly made a decree "for the punishment of persons that pass in pilgrimage to wells; let the discipline of the kirk be used against the users of such superstition; and the civil magistrates shall also hold hand to the punishment."† In October 1581, the same month in which the Act of Parliament just cited was passed, the synod of Lothian recommends the General Assembly to "crave that an Act of Parliament may be made against them that pass in pilgrimages, and use superstition at wells, crosses, images, or other papistical idolatry, or observe feasts and days dedicated to saints, or set out bonfires for superstition."‡

Again, in 1608, it was proposed to the General Assembly "that order be taken with the pilgrimages, viz. the chapel called Ordiquhell, and the chapel of Grace, and a well in the bounds of Enzie, on the south side of the Spey."§

Eight years later the subject is still one of anxiety to the venerable assembly. In the third session of its meeting at Aberdeen, in 1616, we find the following minute: "Because there is a great abuse in people passing to pilgrimages to wells, to trees, and old chapels, as likewise in putting up of bonfires;

* *Laws and Acts of Parliament of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 445.

† *Book of the Universal Kirk*, anno 1573, p. 280; and anno 1580, p. 462.

‡ *Ibid.* 1581, pp. 535, 6.

§ *Ibid.* 1608, p. 1055.

therefore it is ordained, that the brethren of the ministry be diligent in teaching of the people, and preaching against such abuses and superstition, to the effect they may be recalled from the said errors; as likewise that the ministry take diligent trial of the names of those who haunt these pilgrimages, and to delate the same to the Archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, every one within their own provinces; to the effect they may be called before the High Commission, and punished for the same. It is likewise ordained that their names be delivered to the justices of the peace, with the places of their pilgrimages, and days of their meetings; and that they may be required and desired to attend upon the said days of their meetings, and to disturb and divert them therefrom by apprehending and punishing them."*

It is curious to observe that the modern disciples of the "Universal Kirk" uniformly give their churches the names of saints. Every town in Scotland could furnish instances of it. Their streets and squares also are designated in the same manner. There is a story current of a street in the New Town of Edinburgh being called St. David's-street out of compliment to David Hume, the infidel author of the *Essay on Miracles*, who had a house in the street. We remember another anecdote, which may be cited as a companion to this, regarding the name of a chapel of ease, or *quoad sacra* church, built in the metropolis about sixteen or seventeen years ago. When the subscribers were deliberating about its name, they bethought them of one of their deservedly popular parish ministers; and accordingly, by prefixing "Saint" to his surname, they manufactured the name of a distinguished member of the apostolic college, which their church has borne ever since.

Besides the names of saints, which serve to connect the soil and the seasons of our own time with an order of things now passed away, there is a large mass of evidence attesting the permanent influence of Catholic manners, in the derivation of so much local nomenclature from the institutions of the Catholic Church. In every direction, up and down the country, such names as Bishop's-bridge, Bishop's-burn, Bishop's-hill, Bishop's-loch, Bishop's-mill, Bishop's-isle, stamp the indelible mark of episcopacy on the land and water of a country whose inhabitants are fond of saying that it is contrary to the very nature of a Scotsman to be any thing else in religion but a Presbyterian. Priesthaugh, Priesthill, Priesthope-glen, Priest's-land, Priest's-cairn, Priest's-craig-well, Priest's-isle, Prestwich, and Preston, in a similar manner perpetuate the remembrance of the sacrificial order which once offered the

* Book of the Universal Kirk, anno 1616, pp. 1120-1.

Victim without spot in every parish church throughout the kingdom. Such names as Abbey-bridge, Abbey-craig-cliffs, Abbey-green, Abbey-town, Abbey-well, Abbot's-haugh, Abbot's-isle, make it impossible to forget the days of religious houses; or again, names that recal their inmates, as Monkland, Monkwood, Monkrigg, Monk's-burn, Monk's-isle, Monk's-well, and Monkton. Prior-walls, Prior's-well, Prior's wood, tell their own story of other times; and so do Nun's-cave, Nun's-hill, Nungate, Nun's-well, Nun-row (row), Nun's-mill, Nunsburgh, and Nuntown. There is only one interpretation of names like Friar-dykes, Friar's-carse, Friar's-croft, Friar's-glen, Friar's-moor, Friar's-well; Spittal, Spitalburn, Spitalfield, Spitalhill, Spitalhouse, refer only to an ancient hospital for traveller or bedesman, erected for the love of God and the weal of the founder's soul. The great military order of the Temple,—an object of antiquity even while altar and monastery were standing—has an imperishable memorial in Temple parish and village, and Temple-well, and Templecroft, and Temple Denny, and Templeland, and Templeton. Near the town of Turriff, where the Templars held possessions, there is a beautiful green knoll, of easy ascent, and flat on the top, where it is said they jousted: it is called Tournament-hill.

Nay, even the very surnames of the people afford abundant evidence of the homage formerly paid to the institutions of the Catholic Church. One or two instances will suffice. Gill, the Gaelic name for 'servant,' well known in the form of Gilly to travellers in the Highlands, is the root of such names as these: Gilmore, the servant of Mary; Gilchrist, the servant of Christ; Gillies, of Jesus; Gillanders, of Andrew; Gillian, of John; Gilfillan, of Fillan; Gillespie, the servant of the bishop.

Of such institutions, the offspring of an age of faith, it cannot even here be said that their memorial has perished with them. Their names, thus preserved in popular use, can hardly be termed silent witnesses to this important fact, that the forefathers of the Scottish nation were of a different mind from the present generation of their descendants, and that at no very remote period of time. The union with England is a comparatively recent event; men now living might have seen and conversed with the sons of some who took part in it; yet we are separated from it by an interval of time hardly shorter than it was from the era of the monasteries, when the abbey was tenanted, and monk and friar called to penance, and the church of St. John Lateran in Rome was recognised as the mother church of every parish in the land. With the whole country attesting such a fact, the claim to immemorial prescription set up in behalf of a new religion falls to the ground;

and many a candid and ingenuous mind, attracted and charmed by the air of ancient times that lingers around mouldering arch and abandoned well, and many a curious investigator of derivation and etymon in local nomenclature, acknowledges the powerful influence of such historic facts, and bends in homage to the old faith, and is thus associated with the men of old, whose were the works that glorified the saints of God, and whose the strong devotion that loved to connect their names with the affairs of secular life, and the memorials of whose munificent piety will perish only with the world.

A VISIT TO LOYOLA.

ON Thursday, the 3d Sept. 1846, we left the old-fashioned town of Tolosa at six in the morning, on horseback, for Asperia. A strange enough turnout it was. We mounted on huge high-peaked saddles, covered with saddle-cloths of gaudy colours, that looked very much like pieces of old carpets, and antique-shaped brass stirrups, which we had managed to get instead of Moorish ones, *i. e.* half-covered wooden troughs. Our guide, with red sash and basque cap, trotted on foot before us. The road for some distance was that of Madrid, which passes by the side of the river, and under a cultivated and wooded mountain; on the left we saw at the other side of the river a very large and neat-looking cloth-manufactory, to which large additions were being made. After about half a mile the road turned to the right, and entered a narrow mountain valley, up which it winds, amid maize-fields, meadows, and oak and chestnut woods, among which nestled neat cottages, and busy little flour and saw mills. The sun shone bright on the shingle roofs, and the grass glistening with dew, and the heather-clad mountain-tops, diversified by pieces of barren rock.

The air was filled with the chirping of grasshoppers (*argutæ cicadæ*), and the hum of the mills, and the strange prolonged creaking of the wooden axles of the country carts. After ascending for about an hour, we descended a little, and found ourselves in a lovely little valley, green as an emerald, girt in with mountains, in which lay embosomed in trees a couple of villages, with their quaint old churches, shewing indisputable marks of the alliance of Moorish and Christian art in their tall flat buttresses, and walls devoid of windows (one large church had only two very small windows), and their

rounded roofs. After passing this valley, the road again mounted up for half-an-hour through rather wilder scenery, to a solitary and not very inviting posada, called Venta la Reyna, whereof the guide told a wondrous story that some queen or other had once stopped there.

Here the traveller is very likely to meet a Miguelite, a sort of country gendarme or policeman of the Basque provinces, *sans* uniform, save a brass plate on his battered hat, and a weapon like an old Tower musket in his hand. He loiters along with the travellers over the hill, and then asks for something for his escort. The country is, however, perfectly peaceable and safe. The road, which is throughout excellent, now begins to wind downwards; and the high bare crest of the mountain of slaty marble which rises above the castle of Loyola soon becomes a prominent feature in the landscape. An hour and a half's riding through chestnut, oak, and beech woods brought us to the vale of Loyola, and the neat little town of Asperia. The vale is of considerable extent and great beauty, bounded by hills of varied shape and hue, some low and wooded, some more lofty, and cultivated almost to the top; others, as the one behind the town, steep and bare, of brown and yellowish tinted stone. This vale and town, with the surrounding mountains, formed the patrimony of the Loyola family. Here the young Ignatius spent his childhood, in these woods he rambled and hunted; and the scenery is well calculated to form a strong and tempered mind, combining, as it does, rural grace and beauty with wildness and stern majesty. The town of Asperia contains a fine old church, and several suppressed monasteries with their churches, public schools, an hospital *de la misericordia*, a sort of poor asylum, and a very fine public washing-house and fountains, erected by a benefactor in 1842. There is here a very good small inn, where the Bilbao diligence stops.

The convent, or rather college of Loyola, now suppressed, is situated about ten minutes' walk from the town, up the little stream. We took the road on the left bank of the brook, which passes through rich maize-fields and meadows; halfway is a small open building, with stone benches against the walls; it was once a chapel where pilgrims might repose themselves, but the Vandalic zeal of some "*Afrancesado*" has obliterated all traces of religion from its walls.

A pretty ancient bridge crosses the stream, and brought us in front of the building. In the centre of the wide space before the college, now neglected and grass-grown, stands a fountain, whose clear waters still sparkle in the sunbeams,

like the fountain of the city of the desert. At one side is the hospitium or guest-house, a plain two-story house, now half inhabited by a peasant family. The whole background is filled by the *façade* of the church and college.

In the centre stands the church, a splendid circular building, with a lofty and beautifully proportioned dome. The ascent to it is by a wide flight of steps; and the spacious bronze doors are shaded by a classic portico, adorned with statues, and which bears the motto, or, so to speak, the war-cry of the order, "Ad maiorem Dei gloriam." The church is of pure Corinthian architecture: on its right extends the long Palladian *façade* of the ancient college; and on the left stand the still handsomer, though unfinished walls of a second college, the completion of which was delayed, and finally stopped, by the troubles of Spain, and the expulsion of the order. It was intended to have placed the school part of the establishment in this new building, and left the older part entirely for the purpose of a college and convent. It would be impossible to describe in detail all the different parts of the college, which forms a large quadrangle, and affords ample accommodation for 500 professors and students. The lamp of learning and piety here burned bright amid the surrounding darkness, until the year 1840, when the Jesuit fathers, who had been before expelled in 1827, but had returned privately to their beloved retreat, were finally expelled, and the students dispersed by a government calling itself free, and the lovers of freedom. All the land and furniture were sold, the buildings also were put up to auction; but as no purchaser could be found, they were appropriated to the state, which graciously allows an Augustinian priest and an old lay brother to live in a corner of the desolate halls, and guard and serve the church and chapel of St. Ignatius.

The most remarkable parts of the college are the magnificent quadruple stair, the large study and lecture-halls, the spacious ambulacra, open and closed; the lavatory, a large square apartment, with a fountain still flowing in the centre; and the great dining-hall, hung round with the portraits of the most celebrated men of the order—St. Ignatius, SS. Francis Xavier and Borgia, Rodriguez, Bellarmine, Bosovich, and a host of others.

In the upper stories are the rooms for the fathers, each consisting of a small sitting-room, with a closet off it for a bed-room, shelves in the wall for books, &c., all plainly white-washed. The students' rooms and the dormitories lofty, well ventilated; and each bed-place roomy, and separated by a low wall. The old lay brother (of the Jesuits, as he informed us),

spoke with tears in his eyes of the crowds of students that once thronged these halls, which, now silent and desolate, echoed only to the footsteps of the stranger; but his countenance brightened as we told him that the learned sons of Loyola, banished from the land of his birth, had found a sure refuge and a home in England; and that the voice of their teaching, now silenced in the country it had rendered illustrious, was listened to by crowds of disciples in a strange land.

The arrangements of the left wing are very similar to those of the other, but the walls were never completed, and no part of it was roofed.

From the college we pass through the sacristy, now robbed of almost all its sacred vessels, to the interior of the church. In the centre rises the magnificent dome, with its graceful lantern. This dome is supported by a circle of marble pillars, which separate the body of the church from the circular aisle. But time would fail us to tell of the magnificence of the high altar (on whose left are traced in marble the helm, hauberk, spear, and sword of a warrior; while on its right are shewn the cross, the chalice, the chasuble, and other insignia of religion, thus shadowing forth the great change in the life of the saint), of the separate glory of each of the other altars, of the walls crusted with valuable marbles, and of the graven doors. The church is kept in excellent order by the old lay brother, and the holy sacrifice is here offered every Sunday.

But the reader will ask, where all this time is the ancient castle of Loyola? We will lead him to it. Let us retrace our steps from the church to that portion of the college buildings immediately beside the church. We enter by a door from the open space before the college, and on looking up we perceive that the walls of the college enclose as in a case, without however touching it, an old-fashioned fortified house, the original house of the parents of St. Ignatius, preserved exactly as it was in the saint's lifetime. The saint himself never saw it after his conversion, when on being cured there of the wound he had received at Pampeluna, he retired from thence to Manresa; but the house and estate were given to the order many years afterwards by one of the saint's relatives. The building is of the character of the fortified house which succeeded in Europe the regular castle, three-storied and square; the lower story built of stone, with small narrow windows, little different from loopholes, and an iron-studded door. The two upper stories are built of flat bricks, and are lit by low, square, mullioned windows, like perpendicular or Elizabethan windows; while at each angle, at the height of the top of the basement story, springs from a large stone corbel a small circu-

lar brick turret, with a conical slated roof. The roof is high, with hanging eaves, slated, and with dormer windows. The whole size of the house is not more than thirty-five feet square.

The plan of the interior is very simple; it may be considered as divided into two unequal portions by a wall from front to rear. The smaller division (which forms the right side of the house), into which the door opens, is occupied throughout by the large square stairs. The other portion was occupied on the ground-floor by the stables. The first floor was divided into two sitting-rooms, the one opening from the other; the second floor was divided into three bed-rooms, two small ones to the back, and a large one to the front, lit by two windows, and entered by passing through one of the smaller rooms; while the second small room had a double communication with the outer small room and with the large room. All these apartments are now converted into richly decorated chapels: on the first floor the wall between the two sitting-rooms has been partially replaced by an open railing; and while the outer room is occupied by confessionals, the inner is a chapel. But it is on the large room in the upper story that all the riches of decoration have been lavished. It was in this room that Ignatius was born, on the spot where the altar now stands. It is now a chapel dedicated to God, under his intercession; while the small inner room is under that of his beloved disciple, the apostle of the Indies. The walls and roof of St. Ignatius' chapel are decorated with paintings and gilding, and the ceiling with paintings and bas-reliefs of events of the saint's life. The relics of the saint repose at Rome, but over the altar is preserved one of his fingers. In the chapel of St. Francis Xavier is preserved a still more interesting relic of the warrior monk, his signature, on parchment: the writing is firm and clear, and very regular.

On the roof of the room where he was born, and round the walls, are several scenes of the saint's life, containing different portraits of him and of his parents and others, evidently taken from the life. The one which most attracted our attention was one representing his mother giving a book to the young Ignatius (a child of about ten years), about to go to school, while his father stands by. The chapels are also most rich in relics and mementoes, and portraits of all the great men of the order. Mass is here daily said by the Augustinian in charge of the building.

This solitary ecclesiastic and the lay brother are now the sole tenants of this once populous college; and in the lofty halls, instead of the voice of learning, is heard nothing but the dripping of the fountains.

Whatever excuse the Spanish government could allege for suppressing the other religious establishments of Spain, none at least can be assigned for the destruction of this, which in days of darkness and ignorance imparted knowledge to the rising generation. In fact, their proceedings are worthily symbolized by their treatment of the college library, which is locked up and sealed, and the volumes it contains left to the combined effects of damp and neglect. According to the new concordat, which provides that all ecclesiastical property in the hands of the government shall be restored, the house and buildings ought now to be again restored to the Church for religious purposes; to their lawful owners, the Society of Jesus, they cannot unfortunately be restored, since they are not allowed to exist in Spain. R.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CONFESSOR OF
THE FAITH DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,
1793-1795.*

SOME years ago there died at Tours an aged canon, universally respected, but of eccentric habits. He had preserved an old-fashioned simplicity of manner, in which there was a certain mixture of abruptness, freedom, and liveliness, that was not unfrequently very amusing. Austere towards himself, fasting throughout the whole year, he had remained a stranger to the modern refinements of language and manner. He always spoke openly and with sincerity; external signs of emotion and affectations of pity were unknown to him. The faith was the sole object of his life, and he troubled himself little or nothing for the opinion of the world. A hat, for example, was an article which he never used; in all weathers, and on all occasions, he went through the streets bareheaded, and carrying his rosary in his hands. He might be met in the most frequented quarters of the elegant city of Tours, passing through the midst of the gay throng without taking any notice of them, quietly repeating his Hail Marys, which he used to recite in a sufficiently *brusque* tone. He had several other eccentricities of the same kind, upon which it is not worth while to dwell. Nevertheless, this singular personage was an object of veneration to the whole diocese. It was not his age only which was the cause of this veneration,

* Translated and abridged from *Les Serviteurs de Dieu*, par Leon Aubineau. Paris, 1852.

nor yet his ecclesiastical learning, which was considerable and profound; nor yet his whole life, given up to the functions of the ministry, which he every where exercised with great zeal for the service of God, and an ardent charity for his neighbour: for all this—this crown of the priesthood—is the honourable distinction of many of the French clergy; only in the person of M. Leproust it received an especial dignity from the fact that he had been, at the end of the last century, a confessor of the faith. At the age of twenty-five, being only then in minor orders, he quitted the seminary and the town of Tours, in order that he might not be present at the installation of Michael Suzor, formerly parish priest of Loches, but who had now been nominated constitutional bishop of the department of Indre-et-Loire. And yet M. Leproust had had before his eyes several very sad examples. The principal of the College of Tours—the apostate priest, the representative of the people, Isabeau—has left a name in the annals of the Revolution. During his direction of the college, he had particularly distinguished the young Leproust, who thought himself much honoured by this notice, and endeavoured to improve and cultivate the affection which his superior professed for him, and which that superior afterwards took advantage of to endeavour to deceive him and to draw him into the schism.

Having refused to assist at the installation of the constitutional bishop of Indre-et-Loire, M. Leproust refused also to hold any further communication with the curé of his parish, who had taken the oath. Accordingly, in the month of March 1793 he was arrested, and condemned to transportation for this breach of the law; he was taken to Bordeaux in order to be embarked for French Guiana; and with this expectation he was detained for two years at Bordeaux, at Blaye, and upon the hulks. The history of this captivity he has written; and in the following pages we lay an abridgment of it before our readers, not doubting but that they will find in its simple and touching recital much that will both interest and edify them.

On the 20th of March, 1793, I was arrested at Vernon, my native parish. I had then only received the tonsure, and had lived in retirement at my father's house since the 1st of April, 1791. The National Assembly was at that time endeavouring to establish a schism in France, by requiring of all bishops and priests who were engaged in the active performance of their functions, that they should take an oath to support the civil constitution of the clergy, which the Assembly had decreed, and which one hundred and thirty-two bishops had rejected; which, moreover, Pope Pius VI. (by a brief of the

10th of March, 1793) had condemned as heretical and contrary to the general discipline of the Church. I had determined to take no part in the schism; nevertheless, they had no just pretext for calling upon me to take the oath, since I was not exercising any ministerial functions, and was not even in holy orders. Being denounced, however, by six citizens of the village—the number required by law to authorise the transportation of any obnoxious ecclesiastic—I was arrested on the charge of being dangerous to the Republic, inasmuch as I would hold no communication with the curé of Vernon, who had had the weakness to conform to the oath, and to submit to the intruded Bishop Suzor; that see being in the meanwhile lawfully occupied by the archbishop, M. Conzié, and having been so occupied ever since the year 1785.

The authorities of Vernon examined my papers and books, but found nothing contrary to the laws of the state; nevertheless, having drawn up a legal statement of my case, they sent me to Tours under the escort of ten national guards. These men, being men of my own village, with whom I was personally acquainted, treated me very well; they even defended me from several persons who were disposed to insult me. By and by two men chose to attach themselves to our company and go along by our side, vomiting forth the most violently abusive language against me. On our arrival at the bridge in Tours, these two ruffians began to cry out that it was useless to take me any further, and that it would be better to throw me at once into the river; they even endeavoured themselves to force me over the parapet. My guards had to use some exertions in my defence, in order that they might fulfil the order they had received of bringing me before the committee of inspection. It was the evening of Palm Sunday, and there was a considerable crowd upon the bridge and upon the open space in front of the town-hall. This crowd joined in the cry of the men, and menacing vociferations began to arise on all sides, the most frequent of which was, "Here comes another for the guillotine!" M. Barbier, curé of St. Georges, had passed by the same route some minutes before, conducted like myself by the national guards of his parish, and had met with the same reception. It was not without difficulty that I was saved from being very roughly handled by the crowd I passed through, which filled the Rue Neuve and the court of the house of the old magistracy, where the members of the department and of the revolutionary committee were then sitting. A number of young men followed me almost into the presence of these worthies, crying out, "To the guillotine!" and adding significant gestures to their

words; they even went so far as to mark upon my neck the place where the knife ought to strike. God gave me grace to be perfectly calm; for in truth I should have been nothing loath to see the end of a life which the blindness and cruelty of my fellow-citizens rendered so wretched. I was not worthy, however, to suffer martyrdom for the faith.

When brought before the revolutionary committee, I was first of all examined as to the causes which had prevented my assisting two years before, when a student at the seminary, at the installation of the intruded bishop. I answered, that my conscience forbade me to do so, inasmuch as there being already an archbishop who had been canonically instituted, I could not recognise another. I expected that for this answer I should be sent to prison, thence to be dispatched to the guillotine; they contented themselves, however, with ordering me to a place of confinement, which proved to be no other than my old seminary. There I had the honour and the joy to find myself in company with more than a hundred venerable priests, imprisoned on account of their refusal to take the sacrilegious oath, and their constancy in maintaining the unchangeable truths of our holy religion; and these priests were still permitted to say Mass within the house. In this way I had the precious privilege of being able to indemnify myself, as it were, for the long time I had passed in my own village without being able to assist at the divine mysteries, even on Sundays and on the greatest festivals. I thanked God, therefore, for having brought me to this place of imprisonment, where I was able to hear and serve more than ten Masses every day.

But this happiness and tranquillity were not of long continuance. The members of the directory of the department wishing to exhibit the fervour of their patriotism, took upon themselves to increase the rigour of the decrees of the convention; so that whereas the convention had sentenced to transportation only those nonjuring priests who were in good health and had not yet reached the age of sixty, the department of Indre-et-Loire determined to extend this condemnation to those who were seventy. The magistrate who came to announce this decree to us, caused us to be assembled on the terrace of the seminary, and addressed us in these words: "Whereas you have not chosen to take the oath, and whereas you are men dangerous to the republic, whose laws you despise, your country declares to you, by my mouth, that she vomits you forth for ever from her bosom; your sentence is, that you be transported to French Guiana." Having made him a profound bow, we returned to our rooms; and those

among us who had not attained the age of seventy, or had no serious infirmity, commenced our preparations for departure. This, however, was deferred for three days. Meanwhile, a battalion of Marseillaise soldiers from the army of Mayence, who were passing through Tours on their way to La Vendée, hearing that there were some priests confined in the seminary, used their utmost endeavours to obtain permission to massacre us, assuring the authorities that two hours would be abundantly sufficient for the execution. But the magistrates, republicans though they were, had the courage and moderation to refuse these offers of service; and even sent these men on three days before us, in order that we might not be exposed to the chance of meeting them on the road. Thus the day of our departure was fixed for the 22d of April. We hired, at our own cost, some carts to take us to Bordeaux, and at eight o'clock in the morning they were drawn up in the court of the seminary. There were eighteen of them; and ninety-four ecclesiastics were to find places in them—seventy-four from the diocese of Tours, and twenty from the dioceses of Blois and Le Mans. A numerous national guard, both of horse and foot, had been ordered to accompany us. We had great difficulty in getting out of the town, for the streets were crowded by evilly-disposed persons who did their best to prevent our departure, crying out continually, “To the guillotine! to the guillotine! Transportation is too merciful a punishment for them; they deserve to die.” We were detained in this way for half an hour in the midst of the frantic populace, whose cries grew fiercer and fiercer. At last the officer who had the charge of us ordered the soldiers to draw their swords, and so a passage was cleared, through which we passed on, amid an abundant shower of stones from all sides. We proceeded at full gallop as far as Grammont, where we halted to bind up the wounds which five-and-twenty of us had received, some from stones and some from bayonets; for a large number of the volunteers assembled at Tours had joined the populace, and tried to stab us. Our escort behaved pretty well, except that one of the national guards, hearing one of our party address another as “sir,” became perfectly furious, and threatened to kill him for using a forbidden title, instead of addressing his companion as “citizen.” He actually levelled his musket at him three times; but another guard, more humane and less touchy, prevented the ruffian from doing any real injury; and when the officer was informed of it, he removed the offended soldier to another post, warning us at the same time to be more cautious in our language.

Our first night was spent at Sainte-Maure, where the authorities lodged us in the cellars of the old salt-magazines, which they humanely furnished with fresh straw for us to lie upon. We were not insulted either on our arrival or on our departure from this place; and our journey the next day passed quietly enough, excepting that we were not allowed to refresh ourselves by walking occasionally instead of riding. When we arrived within half a league of Chatellerault, we were met by the authorities and national guard of the town, who conducted us to the prison through a dense but silent crowd. Here we were placed in a lofty hall, from which the ordinary criminals had been removed to make way for us; but as the straw had not been changed, the dust was so intolerable, that instead of sleeping, we were consumed with thirst all night long, and continually asking for water. The gaoler apparently had not even taken the trouble to lock up the thieves; but mixing themselves among the servants of the prison, they contrived to steal several articles from some of our party whilst the surgeons were attending to their wounds. The next morning, the national guard of Chatellerault took the place of that of Tours; and these treated us with greater kindness, allowing us to leave the carriages when we liked, and to walk by their sides as friends. At Poitiers we were decently lodged in the old Convent of the Visitation; and as part of the national guard of this town was in Vendée, that of Chatellerault continued to guard us; and escorted us also the following day to Couhé, a little Protestant town, where we spent the night in an old ruined castle, of which only the walls were standing, and where we had not even straw to lie upon. Fifty men of the national guard of Couhé were ordered to escort us the next day, and our charitable guards of Chatellerault took their leave therefore; fifteen of them, however, accompanied us as far as Ruffec, fearing lest our new guards, being all Protestants, should maltreat us. This proved to be a special mark of God's care for us; for when we arrived at Ruffec we found it was the eve of a great fair; the place was full of people, and our Protestant guards insisted upon it that we should be taken to the principal square, and made to kiss the tree of liberty there. Six gendarmes, however, who had been appointed to accompany us from Poitiers to Bordeaux, sided with our guards of Chatellerault in resisting this proposition; and finally, placing themselves at the head of the troop, they declared they would fight rather than allow us to be thus gratuitously exposed to the insults of the populace. The Protestants, therefore, relinquished their design, and allowed our kind friends to conduct

ns through the less frequented parts of the town to certain inns, where we were quartered instead of being put in prison, our Catholic guards undertaking to be answerable for us. The next day, these excellent men came to take leave of us; they embraced us with tears in their eyes, and begged our prayers, saying that they would gladly have accompanied us all the way to Bordeaux. They need not have asked for our prayers, for they had conferred such obligations upon us that we could never forget their generous devotion.

The national guard of Ruffec also treated us very well; but in the afternoon, when we arrived at Angoulême, there was a great assemblage of people, who made us get down from our carriages and proceed on foot to the prison, using towards us the most opprobrious and scoffing language. In the prison, too, we were obliged to lie upon the floor without either mattress or straw. At Barbezieux, however, we were lodged in a loft of the castle of La Rochefoucauld, which was stripped of its furniture and uninhabited. But the people of the town being good Catholics would not let us lie upon the boards; they brought us mattresses, feather-beds, blankets, and sheets, excellent bread, and all other necessary provisions. These good people did their utmost to evince the compassion they felt for us; and the next day, as we were leaving, surrounded our carriages with tears in their eyes. At length, after journeying on for another day or two, we arrived at the post of La Bastide, on the Garonne. Here we embarked upon some lighters, and remained there in the open air all night, expecting to be landed the next day at Bordeaux. So many priests, however, had arrived there from different dioceses, condemned like ourselves to transportation, that the authorities there refused to receive us, and sent us on to Blaye, a little town upon the Gironde, seven leagues from Bordeaux. At Blaye we were received with hisses and insults, and were conducted by the national guard to the strong and extensive citadel, situated on a considerable eminence. The rooms of the prison in which we were shut up were large enough, but we were packed in them like a flock of sheep, and obliged to sleep on the boards without mattresses or blankets. Every evening the officers of the garrison came, with drawn swords in their hands, to count our numbers and see that no one was missing, but they did not insult us. Divine Providence, which never ceased to watch over us, interfered to take us away from Blaye sooner than we expected, thereby delivering us from the greatest danger we had yet encountered. A regiment of twelve hundred men, destined for Vendée, arrived at Blaye on Ascension-day (6th of May), and were allowed to enter the

citadel for the purpose of seeing it. Among the two hundred men who composed our garrison these soldiers found some comrades, from whom they learnt that we were priests who had been seized with arms in our hands in La Vendée. Not one of us indeed had ever set foot there; but this report was constantly circulated concerning all the arrested priests, in order to make them odious to the people. These soldiers then assembled at eight o'clock in the evening before the prison, and began to discuss among themselves the question of our execution. It so happened, however, that the directory of the department of the Gironde was federalist,—that is to say, they were opposed to the bloody tyranny of that portion of the Convention which was called the Mountain, and of which the two brothers Robespierre were the heads; and as they knew that the department of Indre-et-Loire had gone beyond the law in our regard by condemning sexagenarians and others still older, they sent two commissioners to Blaye with orders to receive the complaints of any of the imprisoned clergy. One of these gentlemen was the son of a surgeon of Tours, and consequently rejoiced at this opportunity of seeing his countrymen; the other was a citizen of Blaye. They happened to have fixed on Ascension-day for their visit, and this circumstance was the means of saving our lives; for whilst they, in the company of the mayor and another official (the constitutional curé of the parish), were interrogating each one of us separately as to any appeal we might have to make on the subject of our condemnation, the twelve hundred soldiers assembled in front of the prison were shouting and threatening violence, the priests meanwhile hearing each other's confessions and preparing for the worst. At the very time that I was with the commissioners, both they and I being quite ignorant of the disturbance that was going on around, the gaoler entered to announce that he could hold out no longer; that the soldiers insisted upon having the prisoners given up to them, and that they were about to burst open the doors. The commissioners, the mayor and the curé, all behaved very well, promised to protect us, and rushing out into the midst of these furious ruffians, exclaimed, "My friends, what atrocity is this that you are going to perpetrate? These priests are not from La Vendée; they are from the department of Tours, and have been sent here to be embarked for French Guiana, a place of transportation; they have submitted to the law which condemned them; and you, soldiers, ought to respect the law, and to protect and defend those whom it punishes, not to insult and injure them." God, who destined us for more protracted sufferings, suffered these men to succeed in

calming the volunteers; they were got out of the citadel, and the next day removed from Blaye. But certainly, if the commissioners had not come on that day, they would have found nothing but our corpses.

The mayor, not considering that the two hundred and fifty soldiers who still remained in the citadel were very much better or more trustworthy than their companions whom he had succeeded in ejecting, determined on sending us to Bourg, a little town on the Dordogne, two leagues from Blaye. One day, while the soldiers were at exercise behind the citadel, without their arms, we were removed in great haste and in the most profound silence. A numerous national guard had been summoned to escort us to the port, where ten lighters were waiting for us. Whilst we were still on the quay, the soldiers saw us, and immediately quitting their exercise, spite of the prohibition of their officers, they rushed down upon us like madmen; fortunately they had no arms, but they hurled a shower of stones at us, by which several of the national guards were struck. During this tumult we were hurried on board; several aged priests fell from the narrow planks which we had to cross into the water, which caused some delay, so that the stones reached us also; and they did not cease till we were fairly launched.

Bourg is the native place of the illustrious St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola; and the kind hospitality with which we were received there made us think that the inhabitants had inherited the charity of their saintly countryman. On our arrival in the evening we were conducted to an old Ursuline convent, entirely dismantled; but the people brought us beds, mattresses, chairs, furniture, and all the food we required. We slept two and two in the nuns' cells, and felt ourselves as it were in another world, in a terrestrial paradise. The day after our arrival, the commissioners of the Gironde came to pay us a visit; we were assembled in the choir of the convent, and one of them, M. Mangeret, made us a short discourse, recommending us to love one another and to live in perfect union! Our union indeed was such that I could almost have fancied myself back again in my old seminary. We established a rule of life for ourselves, meeting in the choir at certain hours of the day to perform our devotional exercises. This we were allowed to do without interruption; and we should have been quite happy here, had we only been able to have Mass; but this was impossible, for we had neither chalice nor vestments. We blessed God, however, for having given us so peaceful a life; but alas! it only lasted for one short week. We are not sent upon this earth to enjoy repose; but like our Divine

Saviour, we must suffer many trials and contradictions from the wicked, who are mixed with the good for this very purpose, viz. to try their patience, and to prepare them for heaven.

The municipal corporation of Bourg was composed almost entirely of well-disposed persons; but there was one among them, an impious republican surgeon, who formed a plot for our murder. All the neighbourhood of Bordeaux is given up to the cultivation of the vine, and the peasants grow no corn; consequently they are obliged to come every Sunday into the towns to buy bread. This surgeon then persuaded the vine-dressers that our presence in the place would raise the price of bread, and thus expose them to the danger of starvation. He inflamed their passions by means of these representations, so that they agreed to assemble on Whitsunday, to the number of near three thousand, in order to burst open the doors of the convent and massacre us. The mayor of Bourg, who was a good Christian, and two of whose uncles were priests who had refused to take the oath, discovered this plot, but was conscious that he had no means to hinder its execution, inasmuch as all the guard he had at his disposal for our defence did not amount to more than a dozen old soldiers. He came to arouse us, therefore, at midnight on the eve of Whitsunday, and begged us to make all preparations for embarking as quickly as possible, for that he should be in despair if any harm should happen to us. We descended the Gironde to Blaye, where the municipal authorities, fearing to expose us to the dangers we had already incurred there, sent us over to the fort Pâti, which is an island in the river, opposite to the town. Here we were lodged in damp dark rooms, to which light was admitted only through small slits in walls fifteen feet thick, and which were full of rats, mice, and fleas. They gave us the same bread as was distributed to the soldiers; a mixture of bran and flour. A boat brought our rations from Blaye three times a week; and at the same time wine, meat, and other eatables, were brought for those who chose to buy them. They gave us also military beds, sheets, and blankets, which had evidently been used for soldiers suffering from the itch, for several of our number were presently attacked with this malady. Fortunately there was a pretty large bundle of hay here, whereby we were enabled to raise our mattresses from the damp ground. However, spite of these disadvantages, we enjoyed here very tolerable tranquillity; the detachment of soldiers who guarded us behaved with kindness; we were allowed to walk about upon the island when it was not covered by the tide, which happened at the times of the new and full moon; we performed our devotional exercises

together, and even held ecclesiastical conferences, in which M. Rabotteau, canon of St. Gatien, and M. Simon, canon of St. Martin, were the most skilful and interesting disputants; the consolation of hearing or of saying Mass, however, we did not enjoy.

Those among us who had completed their sixtieth year were now sent back to their several departments, according to the law, which enjoined imprisonment only in their case, not transportation. The sick also were next removed to Bordeaux to the former convent of the Carmelites; so that in the month of September we were only twenty-eight left at Pâti. The popular commissioner of Bordeaux continued to treat us with humanity, and would not let us, therefore, pass the winter on the island; they brought us to Bordeaux, where we were first examined at the hospitals by the physicians, and those of us who had the itch were properly treated. Those who were in good health were removed to the fort of Hâ. Here we were tolerably comfortable, placed in a large room with a fire-place; had curtained beds, each to be shared by two; and we were able to say our prayers in peace: but at the end of a fortnight came yet another change.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

A GLANCE AT THE MORALITY AND RELIGION OF ENGLAND.

Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London. By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary. London: Nisbett and Co. 1853.

THE controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism is gradually abandoning—if, indeed, we might not more truly say has actually abandoned—the field of theological speculation and dispute, and is carried on at the present day rather in the arena of moral, social, and political life. The most notorious of Protestant theologians no longer make any attempt to settle the dispute by an appeal to Biblical texts, to the writings of the fathers, or to ecclesiastical history; but they seek both to satisfy themselves, and to influence the popular mind, by an appeal to the more material tests of man and human society. “Which of the two religions,” they inquire, “works best?—which has done most to promote the interests of humanity? Under which system do the arts and sciences, and all that is usually understood by the word civilisation, most flourish? In

a Catholic country, or in a Protestant? Which nations are the most advanced, the happiest and the strongest, in our own time; those which have adhered to the ancient faith, or those which have adopted the new?" These are the questions which one hears on all sides, far more frequently than we hear discussions upon the meaning of a text in St. Paul, or the authenticity of a passage quoted from St. Basil or St. Austin. And we need hardly say how such questions are answered. "Look at home," it is said; "England alone suffices to solve the problem at once and for ever. Is she not Protestant? and is she not a great and powerful nation? did she not make the Crystal Palace? and did not the inhabitants of all the nations of the earth flock together on that memorable occasion to acknowledge her greatness and to do her homage? And at a still earlier period, at a time when every other country was shaken by internal convulsions, and all the most ancient thrones of Europe were tottering to their base, did not she alone preserve 'an even and unruffled mien,' not only weathering the storm in perfect safety herself, but offering also a secure asylum to all who suffered shipwreck elsewhere, whether kings or people?" No one can have mixed in Protestant society, or listened to Protestant lectures, or read Protestant publications, within the last two or three years, without hearing this argument over and over again, reproduced in every possible variety of shape and language. It is true that many a warning voice has been raised to tell the great ones of the land, that even in matters mercantile and political

" You sit in a cloud and sing, like pictured angels,
And say the world runs smooth; while right below
Welters the black fermenting heap of griefs
Whereon your state is built;" . . .

but these faithful prophets have gained the ears of few, and the din of self-gratulation continues as loud and universal as ever.

It is not our intention in the following pages to offer any remarks upon this form of the controversy, to enter into discussion with those persons who would "make the standard of civil prosperity or political aggrandisement the truest test of grace and greatest measure of salvation;" but there is yet another field upon which a few of the more reckless champions of Protestantism have lately ventured to enter, and into which we are disposed to follow them for a brief space; not indeed with any purpose of taking up the glove, and instituting in our present article that strict examination which we should wish to do of all the merits of the question at issue, but rather for the sake of making a few preliminary observations of the

ground which our adversaries occupy. The persons to whom we allude boldly claim for England the merit of being the most moral and religious people in the world. Some of our readers will scarcely credit, perhaps, that so monstrous an absurdity can ever have been seriously propounded; nevertheless it is really so; and in what follows, therefore, we propose to take a hasty peep at this state of English morality and religion, which is considered so excellent and so fitting a subject of national boasting. The subject has been suggested to us by the work whose title we have placed at the head of our article, a copy of which we have received from the author, with a request that we would notice it. Of the book itself, taken as a whole, we really have nothing to say, excepting that we have been greatly disappointed in it. Mr. Vanderkiste is one of those men,—belonging to no particular denomination, we believe, but a *Christian unattached*,—who are employed by the London City Mission Society to penetrate the low haunts of misery and vice which, for some cause or other unknown to us, it seems to be agreed that the ministers of the Establishment cannot be expected to enter. Six years spent in active work on a mission of this kind, “principally among the dens of London,” as the title attractively puts it, might reasonably have been expected to yield a very fruitful harvest of “notes and narratives;” and we took up the volume, therefore, with some interest, hoping to gather much useful information from its perusal: but we have been disappointed; we find a lamentably meagre allowance of facts and statistics buried in a mass of what are meant to be edifying reflections and quotations from Methodist hymns: the facts, however, such as they are, we will avail ourselves of in the course of the present article.

When, on a recent occasion, a well-known Protestant lecturer, the slanderer of his own brother-ministers in the Anglican Establishment from whom he happens to dissent, as well as of the Catholic Church, undertook to institute a comparison between the morality which was the fruit of what he called the “religion of the Bible” in England, and that which attended the religion of the Pope in Italy, he selected as his principal test the number of murders, or attempts to murder, that had taken place in the two countries during the last ten years. These statistics were made up according to his usual practice in such cases, or rather with even more than his usual effrontery; and it would be a waste of time and space to expose their shameless inaccuracy in these pages. A single specimen will suffice. The average number of murders in England during the last ten years he stated to have been 18 per annum! “a number infinitely too great,” he went on to say,

“considering the light we possessed; but very moderate as compared with the returns from the Italian states.” Very moderate indeed!—for he immediately proceeded to give the yearly average of murders committed in Rome as 580, and “the Legations, as they were called, and which were connected with the Papal States, gave a yearly average of 146 more!” and he wound up the whole of these truthful statements by the following conclusion, “that it was difficult to give an adequate idea of the loss of life which thus yearly occurred in the Italian states; but it would give his hearers some notion of it, when he told them that there were yearly killed and wounded on the plains of Italy as many lives as were sacrificed at the battle of Waterloo!” It happened that among the advertisements of the local papers with which the walls of the town where this lecture was delivered were placarded, there appeared one about that very time, in which the principal attraction, printed in the largest type, was an announcement of **FOUR MORE MURDERS!** its predecessor of the previous week having duly chronicled two atrocious crimes of the same class. Only a few weeks earlier still, the *Church and State Gazette* contained an article headed “Increase of Crime,” which began with these words:

“The circuits of assize just finished have been signalised by an amount of capital crime fearfully extensive and enormous. And scarcely has that leaf of our criminal annals been turned over, than another is begun to be inscribed which threatens to be more fearfully extensive and enormous still. The record of the week before last gave six capital convictions. *This week we have seven more cases of murder, and suicides out of number.*”

Yet this reverend lecturer, whose name our readers will have already guessed—Mr. Hobart Seymour—would have his audience believe that the average number of murders committed in England is 18 per annum! However, as we have said, it is no part of our present purpose to follow this author with a view to exposing the falsity of his statistics; we referred to him only for the sake of calling attention to the particular crime which he selected as his test, and which, as every body knows, was not a fair test; not fair, because the Italians, being a hot-blooded and passionate people, are tempted to the commission of crimes of this kind far more frequently and violently than the more phlegmatic inhabitants of our northern climate. It is as unfair in a Protestant controversialist to test the comparative morality of Italians and Englishmen by this standard, as it would be in ourselves to test it by the standard of drunkenness. Drunkenness is peculiarly the English vice, the na-

tional characteristic. "I saw in one hour in London," writes Dr. Guthrie,—“and in Edinburgh, with all her churches and schools and piety, I see every day,—more drunkenness than I saw in five long months in guilty Paris;” and the same might be said, and even in still stronger terms, of any town in Italy. But since drunkenness is not the only sin in the world, to select it as the only test of morality in a comparison between two nations would be dishonest. At present, however, we are not comparing the morality of England with that of any other country, but considering it simply in itself, and on its own account; and into such a consideration the amount of drunkenness amongst us should certainly enter as a very important item. Now according to the *Post-Office Directory* in 1848, *Chambers' Journal* informs us that there were more shops in London devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors than there were shops devoted to the sale of the necessities of life. The number of butchers, and bakers, and dairymen, and cheese-mongers, and grocers, and greengrocers, and fishmongers, taken all together, was 10,790; the number of public-house keepers 11,000. In forty cities and towns in Scotland, we learn from the same authority, that the disproportion is still greater; the dram-shops are to be found about 1 to every 150 persons of the population; bakers' shops about 1 to every 1000, and booksellers' shops about 1 to every 2300. Then, as to the use that is made of these shops and the consequences that flow from them; in the district visited by Mr. Vanderkiste (being part of the parish of Clerkenwell), he tells us that, “*speaking with the utmost caution*, two out of three adults on the district appear to be drunkards” (p. 48). This, of course, is no fair representation of the whole of London; at the same time we may observe, on the authority of Mr. Kay, that there is no doubt drunkenness is considerably on the increase; “the habit of drunkenness,” he says, “pervades the masses of the operatives to an extent never before known in this country.” During the last thirty years, the consumption of spirituous liquors amongst us has increased in a ratio more than double that of the population; the use of opium also is increasing with rapidity. In 1850 the import was 103,711 lbs.; in 1852, 951,792 lbs. Let us look at Edinburgh and Glasgow: there has been lately a sufficiently amusing quarrel between those cities as to which of the two is most addicted to an inordinate use of intoxicating liquors. The details of this dispute have been in the daily papers, and there has been much discussion as to the accuracy of the figures; but after listening to all the recriminating accusations on both sides, and making all reasonable deductions, it appears that there were in Edinburgh

9318 cases of drunkenness in one year among a population of 166,000, and in Glasgow 26,000 cases among 333,657; that is, in Edinburgh there was 1 case to every 18 persons, and in Glasgow 1 to every 13; and these, be it remembered, are known, ascertained, publicly registered cases of drunkenness; we have no statistics of those who get drunk in their own parlours or in the private houses of friends.

But let us pass from this disgusting topic, to look at other crimes against the moral law for which this exemplary country is becoming more and more distinguished. We will not dwell on the atrocious murders of husbands and wives, and brothers and sisters, committed in most instances for the sake of getting certain burial-fees, that (as one of our correspondents recently observed) "have earned for two counties the enviable title of 'the poisoning counties;'" let us speak only of that most unnatural of all crimes, the murder of children by their own mothers. We saw it stated not long since in some Protestant journal, that this crime was becoming almost as common as pocket-picking, and that there were on an average three cases of child-murder per day. Our first impression on reading this was, that the writer, for some rhetorical purpose, was dealing in statistics after the *Hobart Seymour-ian* fashion; and if he meant to speak only of those cases which come before the public in a regular and official way, of course the statement is very much exaggerated. But when we remember the facts that came out in evidence before the police-court in London, in the case of a recent clerical delinquent and his medical assistants; when we hear the coroner of one of our large manufacturing cities (Leeds) publicly expressing his belief that 300 children are annually made away with, either before or after their birth, within the limits of his own jurisdiction, and the medical man engaged on the inquest coinciding in that opinion; when we find one of our London newspapers (the *Morning Chronicle*) giving its readers a list of twenty-two trials, for child-murder alone, that had been *reported* in its columns, and these were stated to be but one-half of those that had taken place in the short period of twenty-seven days; lastly, when we observe how in one of these cases common cause was made with the murderess by a large number of the girls of the country, who attended the trial in crowds, and when the prisoner was acquitted, publicly testified their joy, and left the assizes' town boasting "that they might now do as they liked;"—when we call to mind these and similar facts, we fear that the journalist alluded to was strictly within the mark in the dreadful statement we have quoted. Look again at another class of crimes—brutal outrages and assaults upon defenceless women

and children; these have been so much on the increase among us of late years, that a member of the House of Commons has thought it necessary to introduce into parliament a bill for the special protection of that class of persons. In his speech on the occasion, he alluded to some half-dozen cases of recent occurrence, which had been the immediate cause of his interesting himself in the matter; but one of the leading journals, in commenting upon the speech, complained that he had not availed himself of a quarter of the materials which were ready to his hand for demonstrating the necessity for such a measure, and immediately enumerated *more than twenty other instances occurring in the last two months, and in London alone*, that had been recorded in its own pages, and in which the most foul and savage attacks had been made by husbands and fathers on their wives (or paramours) and children: so that our readers will probably agree with us in thinking, that it is not without reason that a recent American writer observed that "there is probably more brutality towards women in England than in any other country in Europe, except perhaps Russia."*

Then, again, look at offences of a wholly different kind and of a less heinous character: witness the revelations that have been made respecting the almost universal practice of adulterating even the most necessary articles of food; look at the acts of quackery and puffing in well-nigh every department, whether of commerce or of intellect, which is so eminently a characteristic of the present age; look at the bribery and corruption, the dishonest evasions and shufflings that have been brought to light in all quarters, high and low, by the investigations of parliamentary committees;—look at these things, and at a thousand others of the same kind, and then say whether England has not a right to be proud of its morality, and to boast itself over other nations for an unquestionable superiority in this respect.

Moreover, it must be remembered that, after all, facts like these, which are registered in the political annals and criminal statistics of a country, are by no means a complete and sufficient index to the degree of moral depravity that may exist in it. There may be the utmost licentiousness of life and the most thorough absence of all moral principle; and yet no overt acts may be committed which can be recorded by the public press, or which call for the penal action of the law of the land.

"The statistics of crime," it has been truly said, "cannot develop in half or in a quarter of its fearful extent the general state of

* *Bristed's Five Years in an English University*, p. 347.

depravity among the lower class in the great metropolis, or one of our manufacturing towns; they can never trace the monster-roots of vice, how widely they spread and diverge themselves, or how deep they penetrate in the congenial soil. The delinquencies which figure in the calendars are but the effervescence, the scum on the surface; the great mass of iniquity is at the bottom and out of sight. Even the imagination is overtasked when called upon to exert her powers, so as to produce a picture of demoralised humanity that shall be adequate to the truth. The real condition of many parts of such localities is not merely barbarism and heathenism, but can only be fitly designated by some term which includes those, and yet more of degradation; it is—what is worse—civilisation uncivilised; humanity, with its external opportunities of action enlarged, to be the more imbruted; a scene in which a knowledge of religion is only proved by blasphemy; and the resources of *an enlightened and emancipated age* (!) are perverted to sin.”*

We will not attempt to lift the veil that covers those depths of iniquity that are here alluded to; we will only just mention one single fact, which could be attested, if necessary, by the evidence of a thousand witnesses, but which is most briefly and emphatically stated by the author whom we last quoted, in the following words. Mr. Worsley, a clergyman of the Establishment, of considerable experience, is speaking of the state of our large manufacturing towns and of the causes that have produced it; and after mentioning some of these, he says: “Hence originated a state of things which has attained its climax in our age, *by the almost total eradication of the very semblance of modesty, in either sex, among the poor, within the circle of the manufacturing centre*” (p. 82). In another place he speaks of the state of morality in the agricultural districts with reference to the same most important particular, and he uses nearly the same language: “*the almost universal absence,*” he says, “*of chastity and purity among the labouring class, in our country villages at the present day, is notorious to every one at all acquainted with them*” (p. 68). Would that we could see cause to dissent from this judgment, thus summarily passed upon the whole working population of Protestant England, whether engaged in agriculture or in manufactures: but on the contrary, we find every where, both in facts and in books, only too much that confirms its truth. And yet this is the country which boasts of its morality, and which collects funds and employs agents to promote the “moral and religious improvement of Ireland:” the *moral improvement* of a country, the purity and modesty of whose women wrings even from the

* Rev. H. Worsley's Prize-Essay on Juvenile Depravity, p. 120. London: C. Gilpin.

most unwilling lips the meed of admiring praise. Not even the flippancy and malignity which alternately disgrace the pages of *A Fortnight in Ireland* could prevent the author from doing at least this act of justice to the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. Speaking of the Irish girls whom he saw in the Marlborough Street schools, he says: "I feel it due to truth to state, as briefly as possible, that in no country in the world that I have ever witnessed have I ever beheld the indescribable native modesty which characterised their countenances; indeed, it was so striking, that I feel confident no traveller of ordinary observation could fail to notice it" (p. 35). The same thing is repeated again and again in several places. Outward appearances, however, are not always to be trusted; and this gentleman made a point therefore, he tells us, of making inquiries wherever he went, "the result of which was not only to confirm, but to over-confirm, my own observation; indeed, from the resident commissioner of the Board of National Education in the metropolis, down to the governors of gaols and masters of the remotest workhouses, *I received statements of the chastity of the Irishwomen so extraordinary that I must confess I could not believe them*; in truth, I was infinitely more puzzled by what I heard than by the simple evidence of my own eyes." Sir Francis Head, a Protestant and a stranger in Ireland, could not believe the statements which he received concerning the chastity of Irishwomen from persons of various creeds, always resident in the country, and having moreover, by virtue of their official positions, the very best possible opportunities of ascertaining the truth; and the reason of his disbelief is to be found in the universal demoralisation, which, as we have seen, according to the testimony even of Protestant authorities, prevails among the poorer classes of his own countrywomen. The conclusion which he had drawn from all the observations he had been able to make at home was, that female virtue was a luxury of the wealthy, not a virtue that could adorn the poor; and he could not bring himself to believe, even on the most abundant evidence, in the existence of so different a moral standard on the other side of the Irish Channel. Another Protestant Englishman, travelling in Ireland, observes the same facts and hears the same evidence: with a candour rarely to be found among his class, he not only does not deny their truth, but he even goes further, and acknowledges that the immense moral superiority of Ireland over England in this important matter must, in part at least, be attributed to the difference of religion. He also publishes statistical tables to confirm this conclusion, from which we learn not only that incontinency is a vice much less prevalent among the lower classes in Ireland than in England or Wales, but also

—what is a very significant fact—that it varies in different parts of Ireland exactly in proportion to the prevalence of the one religion or the other:* “the proportion of illegitimate children,” he says, “coincides almost exactly with the relative proportion of the two religions in each province; *being large where the Protestant element is large, and small where it is small.*”†

But we have been insensibly digressing into what we had intended carefully to avoid, viz. some attempt at comparing the morality which is the fruit of Protestantism with that which results from Catholicity. Let us return to our more immediate subject; and having said enough to give our readers some idea of the state of morality which prevails in this country, let us next look at the state of religion—a point on which the language of England’s Protestant panegyrists is even more ludicrously extravagant than upon the point of her morality.

“The three countries in the world in which the Gospel is most faithfully preached,” says one of these gentlemen, “are, England, the United States of North America, and the Protestant States in the north of Europe.”‡

“It is the English people alone, alone in the old world,” says another, “that is now Christian. One might almost say that, just now, the British people stands among the nations as the surviving trustee of Christianity, or as the residuary legatee of its benefits. Christianity, in its migrations through eighteen centuries, has betaken itself to the British people, as if these were *its own*, and that these, under its influence and at its inspiration, have become such as they are, if not the most highly educated among the nations, yet the most effective, the most beneficent, the most humane, and the people to whose purposes and labours the world looks for whatever is good and hopeful. As to the old world, and forgetting the new, the question of Christianity is almost an insular question—it is a British interest.”§

Well, then, let us see how the people of Britain attend to this insular question, this British interest; let us inquire with what honesty and with what diligence they administer these precious blessings, whereof they are the surviving trustee. Mr. Vanderkiste shall answer this question with regard to that section of the British people with whom he had the most inti-

* The exact proportions, as ascertained from the number of the children of the inmates of workhouses, is as follows:

	<i>Illegitimate.</i>		<i>Legitimate.</i>	
Ireland	1	to	16 47	
England	1	to	1 49	
Wales	1	to	0 87	
England and Wales . .	1	to	1 46	

† Memorandums made in Ireland in the autumn of 1852, by John Forbes, M.D., &c. p. 244. London, 1853.

‡ Extract from the letter of a clergyman, *apud* Worsley, p. 257.

§ The Restoration of Belief. Macmillan, Cambridge.

mate acquaintance: "I am reluctantly compelled to conclude," he says, "from years of observation, that *the majority of persons on my late district were heathens and infidels*" (p. 116). Again, he speaks in another place more generally concerning the whole mass of the English poor, at least in London. "It has been a favourite phrase with some minds to term the Established Church the church of the poor, and with others to speak of Methodism as the poor man's religion; but the fact is, *heathenism is the poor man's religion in the metropolis*" (p. xiv.). "Socialism, infidelity, rationalism, and indifference prevail in every quarter to a fearful extent," is the description, by another pen, of part of what Mr. V. calls the most favoured parish in London, Islington; and similar passages, from a thousand sources, might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. But from general statements like these, let us descend to the particular facts upon which they are based. It will be at once allowed that attendance upon public worship is one great test of the hold which religion has upon the people: not that all who come to church are necessarily devout Christians, for many may go from fashion, from idleness, or some other bad motive; but that those at least who habitually neglect the duty of public worship altogether can scarcely be said to be Christians at all. Now, judging by this test, what is the condition of the British people? "From statistics, very carefully collected five years since by the City Mission—statistics," says Mr. Vanderkiste, "which have been admitted as correct on all hands, it is ascertained that the attendance on public worship, in the metropolis, did not reach by one-third the accommodation provided, whilst the accommodation provided was less than one-half of what ought to be required and could be made use of, did all possessing the opportunity so to do attend" (p. xii.); that is to say, ten years ago, when the population of London was about two millions, it was calculated that about five-eighths, or 1,312,500 persons, might and ought to attend public worship in some church or chapel every Sunday; but church-accommodation, as it is called, was only provided for something less than half that number, say 600,000; and then of this accommodation only two-thirds were actually used; so that the whole church-going population was about 400,000. This is bad enough; but what makes it far worse, and still more appalling is, the consideration that this church-going population is made up almost entirely of the upper and more respectable classes, over whom the influences of fashion and of public opinion are of course the strongest: "The poor," says Mr. V., "in the dense mass *are neglectors of public worship altogether*." In the parish of Clerkenwell, containing more than 50,000 souls, the average attendance of the

poor in the two parish churches is about eighty in each ! and of these many were regular pensioners, or received occasional temporal relief.

"I do not believe," continues Mr. V., "that in the whole parish 100 poor people could be found attending public worship, who do not more or less frequently receive eleemosynary relief to induce them so to do. Thus, about one poor person in fifty occasionally attends public worship; or, where the attendance is regular, it arises generally from a share in the distribution of weekly bequests of bread."

Indeed this bribe of bread appears to be a regularly recognised and approved means, among our Protestant neighbours, of bringing people to church. We need not go to Ireland for our proofs; an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, during the last winter, an appeal to the charitable, began with these words, "*Thirty-two heads of families, who hitherto neglected their place of worship, are now regular attendants at St. Mark's, Horsleydown, in consequence of the incumbent being enabled to give them a few pounds of bread and coal.*" Yet, even with the aid of such potent auxiliaries as these, the result is a meagre attendance in the churches of one out of every fifty of the working population ! Where are the rest ? "They are either sotting," says the journal we have just quoted, in one of its most powerful leading articles, "or sleeping, or talking politics, or reading the Sunday papers, or fighting, or seeing their dogs fight, or rat-catching, or quarrelling with their wives, or simply doing nothing at all, being jaded, wearied, prostrated, in a sort of hebdomadal trance or coma." This is the state of the Protestant religion in London, according to the testimony of those who ought to know it best; and it cannot be doubted that it is a fair type of most of our large cities. In the Union-House of Sheffield about three or four years ago, out of 1905 inmates, no less than 1407 declined to acknowledge themselves of any religion whatever; and thirteen openly avowed that they were of none. This matter formed a subject of correspondence between the *Guardians* and the Poor Law Commissioners at the time, and is probably in the recollection of some of our readers. A number of gentlemen agreed together, not long since, to ascertain the amount of traffic in the public-houses of Edinburgh on the only day in the week when Protestants are expected to go to church. For this purpose they visited every such house in the city on a particular Sunday, and afterwards published the results of their observations in a report, from which we learn that the number of persons who frequented these places during the day was no less than 41,796; of these 22,202 were men, 11,931 women, 4631 children

under fourteen years of age, and the remaining 3032 children under eight years of age ! Of Liverpool we have still more valuable statistical information. A society was formed there, some short time ago, for the sake of providing what they called "working-men's Sunday services;" that is to say, services of prayers and sermons especially intended to satisfy or excite the devotion of the working classes, whose absence from the ordinary places of public Protestant worship they had been greatly shocked by observing. How far the gentlemen forming this association flatter themselves that they have succeeded in their special object, we cannot say; but at least they have done one good service by publishing tables, compiled as carefully as the circumstances would allow, of the attendance at all the places of worship in Liverpool, whether of the Catholic Church, of the Establishment, or of Dissenters. From these tables it appears that, whereas there are in Liverpool fifty-eight churches belonging to the Establishment, capable of holding 63,279 persons, the actual attendance is only 34,593, or very little more than half of the number for whom accommodation is provided; and that the number of communicants is a little more than one-tenth of those who attend, being in all 3978; and of this number of communicants only 1528 belong to the working classes. The Dissenters of all denominations have eighty-six chapels in the same town, capable of holding 54,454 persons; but there is an average attendance only of 29,057. This proportion is somewhat higher indeed than that exhibited by the Anglicans; yet even these have, in their existing chapels, unoccupied space every Sunday equal to twenty-five chapels holding 1000 persons each. The proportion borne by the number of communicants to the whole congregation is, as one would expect, considerably higher among Dissenters than what we have seen in the churches of the Establishment: instead of being only a tenth of the number, it is rather more than a third, or 10,555, and more than half of these are put down as of the working classes. Add these numbers of the Anglican and other Protestant frequenters of public worship together, and what is the result, as compared with the whole Protestant population? The whole Protestant (that is, non-Catholic) population is computed, we believe, at 280,000: let the reader decide within himself what proportion of these must belong, in a commercial city like Liverpool, to the working classes, and what proportion to the upper and middle classes; and then let him reflect that the actual number of the working class, who are set down as really attending any Protestant church or chapel, is 32,914, or as one to every eight and a half of the whole; and the number of communicants from the same class is 7918, or as one to every thirty-five of the whole. To

minds not used to statistics, it is not easy perhaps, by an exhibition of figures such as this, to convey an accurate idea of the state of heathenism which they portray. A comparison used by Mr. Vanderkiste, not indeed with reference to Liverpool, but to London, may be more effective in this way. He says, "It is an astounding statement, which, did it not rest on the plainest evidence, would be unbelievable, that in the island of Jamaica there were more communicants, out of a population of 380,000, than there were in *all London*, with a population (in 1841) of 2,103,279." Or let us compare this statement of Liverpool Protestantism with that which most properly suggests itself as a contrast to it, the state of Catholicity in the same town. The Catholics of Liverpool have only twelve places of worship, it appears; these are calculated to contain 15,310 persons; but, so far from half of this space being unoccupied, as in the Anglican and Dissenting chapels, they are actually attended by 38,612, and of these 29,203 are reported to belong to the working classes. These facts and figures, furnished by Protestant, and therefore unimpeachable authority, ought certainly to convey a most instructive lesson to those who profess so deep a reverence for the Bible, and who remember that distinguishing characteristic of the Gospel, "*The poor have the Gospel preached to them.*" Who are they that preach to the poor? the Protestants or the Catholics? Who, therefore, are they that preach the Gospel? We have seen the answer to this question at Liverpool; we might cross the water and ask the same question of Protestant authorities in Limerick, and we should receive the same answer.

"I visited," says Dr. Forbes, "two of the Catholic chapels, St. Michael's and St. John's, both in the morning and afternoon, during the time of service. Though they were large, I found them not merely crowded, but literally crammed with people in their interior, and every passage and doorway so completely filled as to connect the living mass within with a similar though smaller mass without; indeed, the chapel-yard in both places was half filled with people. In the interior, the whole floor was packed as close as it was possible for persons kneeling to be packed. It was a striking sight, and not a little touching, to see *those children of poverty* at their devotions . . . all bearing in their dress and general appearance the sign and superscription of the life whose lot is poverty and privation. . . .

"As I left the chapel, I looked into the beautiful Protestant church built close by the chapel-gate. It was impossible not to be struck with the great contrast between the two establishments. In the church every thing was new, neat, clean, and in the highest order, and the congregation (tolerably numerous) comfortably arranged in pews and on benches, *all neatly, and many of them genteelly dressed.* One could hardly believe that the two congregations

could belong either to the same Irish people or the same Christian religion."

Probably not; and Dr. Forbes would do well to encourage his doubts and prosecute his inquiries as to the identity of the religions taught to these two widely differing congregations, somewhat more heartily than we fear he is disposed to do.

But this by the way. We were insisting upon the neglect of public worship as a token of the irreligion of the country; and in our statistics, taken from Protestant sources, we enumerated among the frequenters of public worship all who went to any kind of meeting-house on Sundays, no matter what the nature of the service there performed might be. But if Mr. Vanderkiste's account of the service which he attended among the Unitarians in Finsbury may be taken as giving at all a correct estimate of the religious exercises of that "denomination" throughout the country, it is clear that they ought to be struck out of our calculation altogether. A "reading from Milton's Defence," followed by another reading from Mazzini's Oration over the Brothers Bandiera; then a hymn; then "a political speech, referring to the various events of the year, and the probable future policy of Louis Napoleon;" Postal Reform, Peace Arbitration, the Caffir War, and the duty of overthrowing despotic powers!—all this can in no sense be called the teaching of a school of religion, but rather of politics. Or take another example of a different kind from another source; let us read the account of an "*open meeting* for the fraternal discussion of the principles and doctrines of Biblical Christianity," as it is to be seen in one of our largest commercial cities in the West of England every Sunday afternoon. The following is their own account of themselves:

"The projectors of this meeting are desirous of encouraging an independent spirit of Scripture inquiry unshackled by any creed, and unhindered by any dictation. It is their belief that the dogmatic imposition of any system of opinions is a *de facto* supersedence of the Bible, a course at once uncomplimentary (!), unreasonable, and injurious, and which can never result in that religious intelligence and manly freedom which it is the tendency and aim of the unfettered Bible to accomplish. The freest expression of opinion will therefore be encouraged, provided it be courteous, and stimulated by the laudable desire to further the acquisition and diffusion of truth. *The BIBLE will be the exclusive text-book.* It is hoped that these fraternal meetings will contribute to a more extended and accurate acquaintance with the radical principles and distinguishing doctrines of biblical Christianity.

"PROGRAMME OF THE MEETING."

"*Introductory hymn.*

"*A brief prayer by one of the members.*

"*A brief exposition of a passage of Scripture previously determined by the meeting.*

"*Open conversation on the subject of exposition.*"

"The projectors of this meeting" seem to us to have gone as far in the genuine development of the principles of Protestantism as any sect we have yet met with in this country; indeed there only remains one more step to be taken, and the process will be complete. They are certainly illogical in deciding that the Bible is to be the exclusive text-book; so important a question should not be prejudged; "*open conversation on the subject*" should first be allowed; and until it has been unanimously decided to the contrary, we do not see why "Mazzini's Oration over the Brothers Bandiera," or any other blasphemous or merely political document, should not be allowed to take its turn in furnishing texts to the members. However, be this as it may, it is clear that the members of this meeting cannot be said to profess any religion at all; they may be in search of a religion, but they certainly have none as yet.

But it is time that we should draw these remarks to a conclusion. On a future occasion, we may probably return to the subject, and give a few more sketches of English morality and religion, not as it is ordinarily described by anti-Catholic lecturers, but such as we find it portrayed in the public journals of the day, or in the works even of Protestant authors, who are not writing for a purpose, but desire honestly to tell the truth. We are far from being blind to the many foul blots that may occasionally be seen in the practical morality and religion either of Italians or of Irishmen; but we are satisfied that England will have great cause to rejoice when an impartial, or rather an unfavourable witness shall be able to give the same testimony in her regard upon these points, as has been given again and again by Protestant travellers, recording their impressions concerning the inhabitants of the countries we have just mentioned. We have heard in this article Protestant ministers, both of the Establishment and of Dissent, declaring that imagination cannot produce a picture of demoralised humanity that shall adequately describe *the general state of depravity* among the lower classes in the great towns of Protestant England, and that heathenism is the poor man's religion in the metropolis. Let us compare with this the testimony of the Protestant Dr. Forbes as to the Ca-

tholic poor of Ireland. "I never met with one among them," he says, "who was not a sincere believer, and with very few indeed who might not fairly claim to be both religious and pious." We have seen the habitual neglect of public worship by the great majority of English Protestants attested by many witnesses and by accurate statistics. Let us compare with this the testimony of one who delights to scoff at what he impiously calls "the ineffable folly of the contemptible idolatries" of Italy, yet who also says: "It is impossible not to recognise the strong religious element which appears in the character of the people. . . . In no country that I have visited have I seen a people so given to prayer, and so unostentatious and apparently in earnest in their worship."*

CARDINAL WISEMAN AND THE TRACTARIANS.

Essays on various Subjects. By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. 3 vols. London, Dolman. 1853.

THE burden that falls upon the shoulders of a leading Catholic prelate in countries like England or the United States is strangely different from the task of the pastor in lands of settled faith and in quiet times. To the qualities of the doctor and the confessor, the former has to superadd those of the scholar, of the conversationist, the keen and sharp-sighted man of the world; or rather, it is not that he must add the one to the other, but the same charity and the same wisdom energising in directions so widely different, make him, like St. Paul, "all things to all men." St. Francis de Sales or St. Charles Borromeo, had they lived in England during the last twenty years, would have found it necessary, on occasions, to turn their practised intellects and their stores of learning from the preacher's chair even to the desk of the reviewer. The illustrious Bishop of Charleston, whose too-early death after his gigantic labours the Church of America still deploras; the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, of whose genius and piety this ample collection is an imperishable record,—are both instances of this versatility, which, in times so remarkable as the present, there must at least be some Catholic prelates, in countries like ours, capable of using in the cause of the Church.

The necessity for it arises from many obvious reasons: some existing generally in all countries where the modern civilisation is found; others specially based on the very pecu-

* Letters from Vienna and Italy. Macmillan, Cambridge.

liar position of Catholicity in England, both in itself and relatively to that establishment which constitutes its most prominent, and in some respects its most formidable antagonist. Cardinal Wiseman, in that most interesting retrospect which he has given us in his preface, on the state of Catholic affairs in 1830, when the *Dublin Review* was first established, truly observes, that at that epoch

“Catholics had begun to recover from that first torpor which benumbs for a time the limbs just freed from fetters. The signs of a more active circulation had shewn themselves; communities were springing up; schools were beginning to be multiplied; new missions were opened; churches, upon a scale of size and embellishment previously unknown, were contemplated or begun; and the people were evidently manifesting more interest in our religion, and a more fair disposition to hear and judge it justly. It seemed the favourable moment to strike another chord, and to stir up a spirit yet slumbering, but ready to awake. The Catholic religion as she is in the fulness of her growth, with all the grandeur of her ritual, the beauty of her devotions, the variety of her institutions, required to be made more known to many who had never seen her other than she had been, reduced by three hundred years of barbarous persecution.” (Vol. i. preface, pp. viii. ix.)

What, in fact, did the English Protestants at that, even now not very distant, epoch know of Catholicity? Though it is not twenty years ago, for numbers at least of the reflecting and literary class of the community the time had hardly passed by, when “the Roman Catholics” were almost totally unknown; when that powerful picture, drawn by Father Newman in his *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, was accurately true, of the Anglican associating the ideas of Catholicity with high enclosures, iron gates, and half-aristocratic, half-religious seclusion. Something of this sort we find, for example, in Scott’s novel of the *Antiquary*, where the Earl of Glenallan, in the midst of a Presbyterian population, is supposed to keep up the old religion of the family in a certain stately and gloomy grandeur. “The Roman Catholic gentleman in the midst of his tenantry,” half a century ago, was the object of Sheridan’s distant reverence. They existed, but as something apart and scattered; as fragments of a once-glorious social edifice, which was now swept away as by a deluge.

Crabbe has painted a lifelike picture of the view which ordinary English society took of the Catholics:

“See next our several sects; but first behold
The Church of Rome, who here is poor and old.

* * * *

Among her sons, with us a quiet few,
Obscure themselves, her ancient state review,

And fond and melancholy glances cast
On power insulted and on triumph past ;
They look, they can but look, with many a sigh,
On sacred buildings doom'd in dust to lie ;
' On seats,' they tell, ' where priest 'mid tapers dim
Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the midnight hymn ;
Where trembling penitents their guilt confess'd,
Where want had succour, and contrition rest.

* * * *

There convent walls and nunnery spires arose,
In pleasant spots which monk or abbot chose ;
Where counts and barons saints devoted fed,
And making cheap exchange, had prayers for bread.
Now all is lost ; the earth where abbeys stood
Is layman's land, the glebe, the stream, the wood.'

* * * *

Such is the change they mourn ; but they restrain
The rage of grief, and passively complain."

CRABBE'S *Borough*, Letter iv.

Protestants rarely visited Catholics. Occasionally they may have partaken of a fish-dinner in a Catholic house, and talked of it to their friends as a rather remarkable event ; the only inference to be made from which was, the absurdity of the Catholics in thinking it made any difference whether you ate a mutton-chop or a fried sole on Fridays. Now and then they had visited a Catholic college, and admitted that the Catholic Church was " wise in her generation," and gave a monstrous good training to her disciples. Or they were in possession of a rosary, or a ring said to have been blessed by the Pope, or an *Agnus Dei*, or a crucifix, which they kept as curiosities in the drawer of a cabinet, not perhaps absolutely as they would keep Japanese or Chinese idols, but still in the rudest ignorance of what these objects really meant, or what was the use of them. The study of medieval antiquities, which had been begun in the last century by Horace Walpole, but of which Goethe and Scott were the real founders in the Protestant literature of this day, came on, giving fresh interest to the political movement caused by Catholic emancipation. The Catholics once free, their churches began to multiply. The Irish immigration, which, from being only periodical, has become continuous, settled in all our large towns vast masses of Catholic population. Catholicity, which but a few years before was found only here and there, the religion of a few families, and they gradually falling off, suddenly found itself expanded and become a power and a great interest in the state. This vast influx of the labouring Irish, by their numbers and their faith, has, as it were, lodged Catholic cities in the heart of places like Manchester and Birmingham, where people still living remember twenty or thirty Catholics assisting at the adorable Sacrifice in an upper room. All this while

the action of the Catholic Church on those without was only indirect. Our priests had enough, and more than enough to do, to attend to the spiritual wants of their own flocks, increasing so fast as they did; so that perhaps a priest who had been all his earlier years accustomed only to the care of hundreds, would suddenly, when he grew old, find a new people of many thousands depending on him for their spiritual sustenance. Conversions undoubtedly occurred, and in greater numbers than is generally supposed; but the time had not yet arrived for the Church, but just emerging from the caves of persecution, to preach in the market-places. A few minds there were which were struck by this great phenomenon re-appearing in English society, at what now seems, considering the many events of the last few years, the remote epoch immediately preceding emancipation; such were Father Ignatius, Mr. Ambrose Philipps, Mr. Digby, and others. Then came a pause of a few years. You might have expected a much greater effect upon England from the renewed action of Catholicity; that the great political aspect of the Church would have called attention to it, and set the learning and philosophy of England thinking upon the subject. But it was not so. Divine Providence, in its majestic way, was ordering things in a manner one could not previously have conjectured. Parallel to the vast development Catholicity itself had taken, a development displaying the energy of primitive ages, a movement manifested itself in the Anglican community from completely different causes. Tractarianism arose, in the first instance from a cause directly hostile to Catholicity,—from indignation at the concession to the Irish Catholics of the annihilation of the Protestant sees. But that measure could only be attacked consistently by men who believed that the Protestant Church had divine authority. That theory broke down under them; and being now shelterless, they were compelled to look around for the true edifice of divine authority, which was at last filling all the land with its rays. It was a weary work of years before they could see their way from the ruins of false authority to the unshaken temple of Catholic unity. However, this extraordinary movement having manifested itself, quite unlike any other which the Catholic Church had hitherto had to deal with, unless it were the rival and mimic universality of Paganism devised by Julian the Apostate, she had duties in regard to it. There were men who, in good faith at the first, and most of them constantly so, till their sincerity, by the help of God's grace, was rewarded with the light of truth, were feeling their ways after God, "if haply they might find Him;" catching at the poor remains or fragments of Catholicity which

the rebellion of Henry VIII. had left them; loving, with a love to Catholics most touching, any thing that reminded them of the mother they had lost; making much of what Catholic charity delights in,—the priestly vestments, the solemn chant, the magnificent church, the orderly procession; doing every thing in the most Catholic way their miserable system permitted them, shewing that, under grace, they would have the very temper of St. Ignatius' "rules for thinking with the Church." They commended "ecclesiastical chants, psalms, and long prayers recited in the churches or out of them;" they "approved of determinate times for the recitation of the divine offices, such as the canonical hours;" highly praised the religious state; praised even "relics, and the veneration and invocation of saints;" wrote books in honour of them, and wishfully honoured the custom of lighting candles in church to the praise of God. They "extolled the use of fast and abstinence," and the rich adorning of the temples; they "zealously approved of the decrees, mandates, traditions, rites, and manners of the Fathers." All this was an immense grace from Almighty God; an immense responsibility imposed on the then chiefs of the Catholic Church in England. The whole fruit of this extraordinary course of events might be lost by imprudence or negligence; as perhaps, though most certainly not on the part of the Catholic clergy, the movement in the time of James II., to look back upon it, seems *manqué* of the great and national and continued effect which might have been humbly expected from it, had it been controlled and directed by holy men equal to so great an emergency.

What the Catholic Church in England had not in 1688, she possessed in 1833,—a man capable of watching and waiting for the designs of Almighty God, and doing as much and not more than He required to be done by His instruments at the time. Cardinal Wiseman was qualified in a special manner for this office; in the first place, by his knowledge of Catholicity as it acts on the wide arena of the world. He was highly cosmopolitan in his education and antecedents. Though an Englishman, and speaking and writing English as those only can do who have been used to the best society from their infancy, he was born and spent his early youth in Spain; thus growing up in the atmosphere of one of the most Catholic countries of Europe, and which at the same time has been the battle-field of one of the mightiest struggles between the Church and infidelity. Then his academical education at Ushaw afforded him those associations and that *entourage* which was requisite to give him, when the time arrived, the proper hold of the ecclesiastical affairs of England. Then

followed those long studies at the fountain-head of the faith at Rome, where, first as student, and afterwards as a prelate in high office, he was enabled to enjoy that learned leisure so invaluable to the future man of action, but which so few priests in a missionary country can ever be indulged with; to "hive in wisdom with each studious year;" to acquire the perfect command of various languages; to gain that great finish to the ecclesiastical character as regards its means of practical utility, an acquaintance with high art; to become thoroughly versed in the ritual and the grand worship of the Church as it is carried on at Rome, a knowledge so essential to a man destined to begin a new order of things in a new country; to become familiar with the general government and laws of the Church; to form friendships with the most illustrious sons of Catholicity, whether ecclesiastics or laics, resorting to Rome, their common country, from all quarters of the world. Many have had those opportunities, but how few have used them like Cardinal Wiseman! Looking to all he has since done in England, are we not justified in considering his career as marked out by a special providence?

It was, of course, impossible that such a man should not have watched with the most intense interest the first dawning of the Tractarian movement in England. His attention was called to it in a direct manner, at a very early period, by an incident which he has marked as "an epoch in his life,"—the celebrated visit which was paid him at Rome by Mr. Froude and another illustrious leader of the Tractarian school, with the view of ascertaining distinctly what was the precise light in which the English claims would be regarded by Catholics. With reference to the events of the last seven years, we hardly know of a more instructive passage of the "secret history" of the designs of Providence than is afforded by the note in which his Eminence speaks of the impression produced on his mind by this visit. His devotion to St. Philip is a coincidence of great edification and interest.

"In p. 307 of the *Remains* will be found an account of what remains marked, with gratitude in my mind, as an epoch in my life,—the visit which Mr. Froude unexpectedly paid me, in company with one who never afterwards departed from my thoughts, and whose eloquent pleadings for the Faith have endeared him to every Catholic heart. For many years it had been a promise of my affection to St. Philip, that I would endeavour, should opportunity be afforded me, to introduce his beautiful institute into England. But little could I foresee, that when I received that most welcomed visit I was in company with its future founder. From that hour, however, I watched with intense interest and love the movement of which I then

caught the first glimpse. My studies changed their course, the bent of my mind was altered, in the strong desire to co-operate with the new mercies of Providence. It is a consolation, amidst anxieties and misunderstandings elsewhere, to look back to that first thought of hope and expectancy, and to feel that, on the one hand, it was not misplaced, and, on the other, that it never after departed, varied, or wavered. Tried, and painfully, it may have been, but even shaken my humble confidence never was. And when I felt rewarded, my early promise was not forgotten; and I record it in gratitude and not for glory, that without violence or forwardness, my feelings respecting the modern 'Apostle of Rome' led possibly to the first suggestion of what was soon spontaneously adopted, the introduction of the Oratory into England." (Vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.)

The importance of that event, which at the time might have appeared a mere isolated fact, to use the words of a great writer, "grows as we recede from it." The direction it gave to the Cardinal's mind was of course in itself of great consequence; but it was of greater consequence when one considers how very few of the Catholics at the time understood the real character of Tractarianism. Controversy had completely changed its course since the days of Milner and Stanley Faber, and yet Catholics were slow to perceive the fact, and disposed to underrate the magnitude of the revolution. "It is but little remembered," remarks the Cardinal in his preface to the second volume,

"How chillingly were met the views which they [his papers on the subject in the *Dublin Review*] suggested; how little support they received from a single writer beyond the pages of the *Review*; how systematically they were opposed by our periodical press; how pamphlets were issued by perhaps more than one priest, with such titles as, 'Are the Puseyites sincere?' And it is not known how friends remonstrated with the holder of hopeful views; how they treated him as an enthusiast, or rather a fanatic, who was digging a pit of bitter disappointment for his own feet; how even the most learned of our historians wrote in friendly warning, to remind him of the vain hopes raised and doomed to bitter disappointment at the times of Laud and of the Nonconformists, and ask him what he saw in the present movement that gave better grounds of reliance than experience had proved to exist then. Even those so situated as to have near them the evidences which convinced him of hopeful advance, viewed them in a very different light, and thought their importance, to say the least, much exaggerated." (Vol. ii. preface, p. vii.)

The Cardinal had, with equal boldness, alacrity, and foresight, from the very first seen the full bearings of the crisis; and in undertaking the theological direction of the *Dublin Review*, made it one of the distinct objects of that periodical, to deal with the great movement which Catholics abroad seem

to have watched with greater interest at its commencement than did Catholics of these countries. In 1835, when Cardinal Wiseman visited England, he was "surprised to find how little attention it had yet excited among Catholics, though many *Tracts for the Times* had already appeared, and Dr. Whately had sung out to their writers, '*Tendimus in Latium.*'"

"It was, indeed, impossible for any one to foresee what might be the final results of so new and strange a commotion in the hitherto stagnant element of the state religion. Even now, after twenty years, and notwithstanding the many great consequences which have already issued from it, its activity is not exhausted. The impulse given by the first Tract still urges on the body which it struck; and it will roll forward for a long time to come, while fragments detach themselves and run before it, towards the goal which we pray it may all attain. But even in that first bud of the rising power, it was impossible for a calm and hopeful eye not to see new signs in the religious firmament, which it became a duty to observe, unless one wished to incur the Divine reproach, addressed to those who note not the providential warnings and friendly omens of the spiritual heavens. For Catholics to have overlooked all this, and allowed the wonderful phenomenon to pass by, not turned to any useful purpose, but gazed at till it died out, would have been more than stupidity, it would have been wickedness. To watch its progress, to observe its phases, to influence, if possible, its direction, to move it gently towards complete attainment of its unconscious aims; and, moreover, to protest against its errors, to warn against its dangers, to provide arguments against its new modes of attack, and to keep lifted up the mask of beauty under which it had, in sincerity, covered the ghastly and soulless features of Protestantism;—these were the duties which the new *Review* undertook to perform, or which, in no small degree, it was expressly created to discharge. And the necessity of attending to these new duties formed the strongest inducement to myself to undertake its theological direction." (Vol. i. preface, pp. vii. viii.)

Yet the task was one of extreme delicacy, in which the very charity of the Catholic controversialist, if not tempered by consummate prudence, might easily have contributed to lull the Tractarians into acquiescence in their false position. It was a favourite theory with them, that if they went on, as they believed themselves to be doing, and were to succeed in "catholicising" the Establishment, "Rome would not know what to make of them," and would be obliged to alter her rigid doctrine, to take in the new claimants to an equal sanctity with hers. Nothing could be more fatal than any concessions that would have nourished so dangerous a delusion. From that very love with which Catholics yearned after them, when they seemed likely to follow the "wandering fires" of

their own imagination, or the "new sparkles" of their pride, instead of the clear light of the unerring guide, our writers were often obliged to speak with apparent harshness, even though they trembled lest this needful sternness of language might be an obstacle in the way of persons placed in a position so hazardous. The instance of M. de Montalembert will occur to most persons who recollect the course of events during those memorable years. How uncharitable and how cutting did not the Anglicans think his repudiation of their proffered compliment to him of a seat in the Cambridge Camden Society! With what burning words did he not justly pour out his indignation at the assumption of community between faith and heresy which that proffer implied! Cardinal Wiseman, however, has given an example throughout the whole of his articles, from first to last, that this severity of rebuke, though highly necessary in its time and place, may be completely avoided, even when the temptation under which the controversialist is placed, at once from the weakness and obstinacy of his opponent, and the consciousness of his own strength, cannot but be excessive. We must say, that struck as we have been upon going over these collected papers, by the consummate ability they display, we have been even more attracted by the extreme courtesy which the illustrious writer has exhibited throughout. Never, even for a passing moment, does he lose the recollection either of the dignity of a defender of Catholic truth, or of the responsibility of injuring the effect of reasonings addressed in such a cause by the display of any mere human feelings. Intellectual good nature, that kindness which is generally found in combination with the highest order of mind, extreme fairness to the adversary, even to the extent here and there, at least to the unpractised eye, of risking too much, and, above all, sincere and genuine charity and zeal for souls, pervade every page of these volumes. We imagine very few polemical writers could read over works extending through so many years, and written of course with the acutest sense of the wrongs done to Catholics and the controversial injustice shewn them, and have the consolation, as Cardinal Wiseman assuredly must have, of finding nothing of this sort that can cause themselves or any one else a pang. Every reader who studies these volumes will admit the entire truth of the beautiful remarks the Cardinal makes on this subject in his preface to the second volume:

"If these papers exhibited not so much as hatred, but harshness even, or unkindness, towards those for whose sake they were written, I should be ashamed to put before the public the expression of feelings which must now appear most uncalled for and unjust. But it

is a consolation to look back at those times, and feel that every kind anticipation has been fulfilled, no expression of trustfulness disappointed. When the day of union came, there was nothing to forgive on either side, nothing to regret; each had written with earnestness, and even perhaps eagerness; but mutual respect had been observed, and on one side, I can answer for it, most affectionate interest had been felt. So that now I am sure, that those very persons whose feelings, it may be thought, would be best consulted by suppressing all this matter, will be the first to admit that no unpleasant personal recollections will be awakened by recalling the memory of times when the united were disjoined, only to manifest the amalgamating and unifying powers of God's Church." (Vol. ii. p. 6.)

We proceed to offer a few observations on the method of controversy adopted by Cardinal Wiseman in these volumes, and the particular advantages which we conceive will arise from their study for those engaged in this Anglican controversy. Their use to Catholics, as such, will be immense; but, for the present, we prefer to consider them merely in the former point of view. The congeries of motives which keep an Anglican away from the Catholic Church, to which the impulses of grace are drawing him every moment, is perhaps one of the most complicated spiritual phenomena that can be imagined, and to one born and bred a Catholic the most difficult to understand. Nay to most men even not Catholics, —to "Evangelicals," for instance, standing outside of it,—the reasons are nearly as incomprehensible; and nothing but either the recollection of having actually passed through such a state, or else a singular capacity of perceiving the difficulties of others, or what Coleridge would call "a many-sided-ness" of mind, could at all enable one to understand it.

Perhaps the difficulties which have held back the Anglicans might well be classed under three great heads: (1.) Personal or subjective reasons; (2.) Ideas; (3.) Arguments founded on real or supposed facts. All Anglicans at the outset of the movement believed themselves to be acting on the last-mentioned class of reasons. At the latest period of it, and at present, they would not scruple to allow that they were very much influenced by the first, utterly wretched as it is to stake an issue so desperate on pleading so feeble. The second class of reasons, which, for want of a better appellation, we have called "ideas," they shew very little consciousness of acting upon as strongly as we believe they do. We shall endeavour to clear up the signification we desire to attach to these terms, and indicate generally what has been done by Cardinal Wiseman in this magnificent collection to meet the controversial requirements which they imply.

1. We have heard Anglicans complain of Catholic priests telling them their logic was faulty. "As if," exclaimed they, "it was matter of logic!" Again, "we cannot admit your hard, narrow conclusions;" or, "your Church is too geometrical." Readers who will turn to one of the ablest articles in Cardinal Wiseman's second volume, in which he reviews Mr. Keble's *Sermons, Academical and Occasional*, will perceive in several of those strange reasons which that Anglican leader put forth in 1847 to justify his party for remaining where they were, the operation of feelings like these. The domain of facts was abandoned, or nearly so. No definite, tangible argument was stated, such as the early Tracts had relied upon, of the Catholics in England being schismatics, of the Anglican Church being the only Church in England having a right to claim the obedience of the people, or any other statements that could be met by reference to documents, dates, councils, or fathers. All was now based on certain purely personal grounds, certain general propositions as to the principles of action which ought to be adopted by a modest and retiring character. The question at issue being nothing short of one affecting life and death eternal, and the facts on which a reasonable man would make up his mind being tacitly abandoned, his disciples were to trust themselves in the frail bark of the Anglican Establishment, on the strength of five vague, misty reasons excogitated for them chiefly out of Butler's *Analogy*: to wit, it was "the course most in unison with contentment; with intellectual modesty; with contrition; with love of sanctity in others; with fear of giving offence." Cardinal Wiseman shews most powerfully how these reasons would just as much operate in keeping any sectaries whatever, nay even Turks and savages, where they are, as well as Anglicans; and he shews with equal cogency, how their real application, instead of keeping people from the Catholic Church, should lead them into it. The extreme subtlety and the remoteness, so to speak, of these reasons,—the multitude of intermediate links that must have been gone through before they could be arrived at,—whilst it shews their utter want of adaptation to any great masses of mankind, also witnesses to the existence of a peculiar character and habitude of mind which could alone think of putting forward such grounds of action or of inaction.

It is of extreme importance to have every argument, and even pretence at argument, duly analysed, rigorously brought to the test of syllogism, its internal fallacy or its fallacy of application clearly exposed. Such is the province of the controversialist. His business is to leave their reasons without

excuse; and it matters not to him, as controversialist, whether those reasons are genuine or not. These, however, can scarcely be called genuine reasons. They were the last efforts of a party who wanted to account for their position. They felt they could not walk upon air, and this was the cloudy citadel on which they thought to support themselves. Hooker, or Bramhall, or any of the polemical writers of the day when the controversy turned on fact, would have disdained such a feeble, precarious view. But their feelings were so intertwined with their position, that the convictions of their reason went for little or nothing. Anglicanism was the growth not merely of a one-sided study of a few of the Fathers, but of all those influences which make up the English "gentleman" as he is fashioned by Oxford University. The indistinctness and eclecticism of the English mind was one element; the dislike of any thing foreign; the character which would make a man "feel like a fish out of water" amidst foreign places and foreign names; the calm, homely, domestic, and yet refined associations of the elegant parsonage or the ancestral hall; the associations of a place like Oxford, a little world in itself, with its great men, its poets, its doctors, its imagined saints, scarcely known even to England outside the charmed academic circle, and not at all to that great bulk of mankind to which the Catholic Church addresses itself; the particular system of education under which the students have been trained, by instructors of schools as diverse as those of Hawkins, Arnold, or Whateley, and Sewell, Eden, and others it would perhaps be bad taste to name,—a system which could not but tend to make men, however sensitive they might imagine themselves to be in regard to dogmatic truth, nevertheless practically acquiesce in irreconcilable variations,—all this was only a part of the variety of causes which made up a certain character of mind able to resist the force of any mere argument by which it might be attempted to dislodge it from its position.

A glance over the columns of the *English Churchman* about the time of the Gorham controversy, would shew that the party that paper faithfully represents could not be shaken by any change of facts. The whole bench of superintendents signing a formula they believed to be heretical would not have moved, because "the Prayer-book would remain;" nay even if the Prayer-book itself was altered, the old Prayer-book would remain unaltered; the existence of the Prayer-book in the world was an anchor to which they would still cling. Who does not see the immense power of the subjective character which they had derived from the atmosphere in which they had continually lived, and which gave them a

force to cling, like the limpet to the rock, in the place where they found themselves?

The old feelings of veneration for what they had been long accustomed to; the party with which they had been so long identified, and which they could not believe had suddenly ceased to move and work; the various points of ritual observance, the antiquarian and liturgical revivals which had taken such an unexpected root,—these are points which bring us to another phase of the subjective reasons by which men were still influenced after facts had broken down under them. Add to all this the attractive force of a polished academical society, of the whole fabric of “Church and state;” the recollections of the only centuries of English history with which Englishmen are familiar, and those dressed up as they are by “the great Protestant traditions;” the correspondence and interchange of mind which connects literature, the bar, parliament, in short, all the fields in which the Anglican can advance himself, and the Catholic can with difficulty move a step,—consider all these, and you may form some faint idea of the obstacles that have to be removed before divine grace can oblige the intellect to act upon logic, the unanswerable strength of which it has long ago admitted.

But as if this were not enough, in the bosom of it all was formed a very peculiar moral or intellectual character or *ἦθος*, the externals of which are now widely known to all England, but would require almost the subtlety of a Theophrastus or a La Bruyère to depict the minute shades; whilst the internal system which evolved that character would tax the skill of the wisest director to understand and to displace. Strange compound of mistaken reserve, of over-refinement, of scrupulosity, of unreasoning confidence in certain self-constituted leaders, and then of utter indifference to them when grace once brought those leaders into the Catholic Church; of excessive timidity and indecision, and yet of determination to remain where they were; of seeming humility, but of that kind which is doubly false; false because of that old delusion noted by all spiritual writers, but which is elevated by Mr. Keble into a principle of action, that it is modest to be content with a lower instead of a higher spiritual position, forgetting that he who aims only “to sit at the feet of the saints” will inevitably never arrive there; false again, because it sat in judgment on the whole assembly of the blessed, and ventured boldly to say that if on earth again, they would contradict what in fact was the main lesson conveyed by their lives. It was this character that kept men for years where they were. They would live in it, though facts were to be made plainer to them than Euclid’s

demonstrations. We have described their state of mind as we grieve to behold it more or less manifested in their latter years; we do not say, very far indeed from it, that it exhibited itself in so painful a light at an earlier period of the movement. There is a time, known only to God, when ignorance ceases to be involuntary, and when those inchoate anticipations of truth, had they not thrown obstacles in the way of the Holy Spirit, might have bloomed into the loveliest graces of the Catholic character, instead of corrupting into the hideous rottenness of conscious heresy. That earlier period, when the soul, anxious to arrive at truth, is being drawn onwards to it amidst a thousand difficulties, is beautifully and wisely remarked upon by Cardinal Wiseman in his review of Froude's *Remains*:

"The 'Extracts from Journal' present us a picture, at once pleasing and distressing, of a mind yearning after interior perfection, yet at a loss about the means of attaining it; embarking on an ocean of good desires, but without stars or compass by which to steer its course. . . . In the account which Mr. Froude gives of his infirmities, of his almost fruitless attempts to subdue them, and of the pain and anxiety produced by his solitary struggles, he presents a picture familiar to the experienced eye of any spiritual director in our Church, and a state fully described and prescribed for by the numerous writers whom we possess upon the inward life and the direction of consciences. Many are they who are tossed in the same billows of secret tribulation—many are they who are bewildered in the same mazes of mental perplexity; but they have not, at least, the additional horrors and darkness of night. Ere they can sink, a hand is stretched out, if they will only grasp it. . . . When we read the lives of our great saints, we see a certain proportion kept between the progress of their interior perfection, and the rigour of their austerities. It is only in extraordinary cases that the first steps of a saintly life are marked by penitential severities of a higher order: these are gradually increased, with an increasing humility and love of suffering. Moreover, there has ever been a rule and principle to guide them throughout, such as the appropriate times and methods prescribed by the Church, the direction of prudent and experienced men, or even a self-imposed but well-observed method of life. But the young man whose autobiography is presented to us in this volume, seems to have had no idea of proportion or of definite object in his austerities. Fasting seems to have been considered as an end, and not a means, and practised for its own sake; or if intended for the augmentation of some other good gift, there was a mere vague and indefinite notion of its power, without a specific aim, or a sense of the necessity of other and more important spiritual exercises. . . . He even went beyond these more usual austerities, and attempted those which a prudent director would have forbidden, or would have reserved for a more disciplined state of mind. . . . The consequence of all this irregular

and undirected austerity, into which with youthful eagerness he rushed, was, that instead of deriving thence vigour of thought, and closer intimacy with broad spiritual feelings, his spirit, on the contrary, flagged, and at length grew weary, and so fell into that despondency which failure will produce in sensitive minds." (Vol. ii. pp. 81-83.)

2. Distinct both from character and facts, as influencing the mind to a particular course, is the strength of ideas. Ideas are those general theories and that assemblage of first principles which possess rather than are possessed by the minds of great masses of men, and by which they interpret all the moral, intellectual, and religious questions that come before them. In doing so, even the ignorant and stupid may shew as much accuracy as the learned, as we see every day, and especially on occasions where some very trifling matter, trifling in appearance, as was the use of the surplice or the stone altar in the Anglican establishment, brings a principle into question. To give an example of another class. We have known a perfectly uninstructed person, a Protestant lady, reject with a sort of horror the doctrine retained in the 39 Articles, that our Lord ascended into heaven "with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature." When obliged to reflect, she said that those human attributes must have been dissipated into the atmosphere, or she knew not what became of them; they could not be in heaven. Here was a case of a mind quite uneducated in theology, feeling by instinct that a dogma which Anglicanism had borrowed from the Catholic Church contradicted "the idea" of Protestantism; and the same mind, unscientific and unacquainted with facts as it was, proceeded to reason even with subtlety to get rid of an inconsistency it felt without being told. Examples might be given in the field of human speculation. Thus the Stoic philosophy refused to take in the notion of sin, or at least of repentance being required for sin, because the remedy by which that philosophy sought to remove all the suffering of human nature, was to separate the mind, by an effort of the will, from whatever was not in its own power, under which head would come the whole domain of the past. Stoicism again was pervaded and penetrated by the assumed principle, that the human mind can, unaided, fashion itself exactly as it pleases. By these and similar elements of their idea, they endeavoured to solve the incessantly occurring difficulties of life; just as the Calvinists use their idea of predestination, or the Quakers theirs of individual inspiration. These ideas are, practically, quite independent of facts, of which the people most strongly under their influence may know next to nothing; and this constitutes one great difficulty of arguing with them.

How often do not people argue with each other for hours, keeping up a perpetual sea-saw of texts and counter-texts, facts and counter-facts, when the truth is, they from the very first were reasoning on principles as totally opposed as the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems! A great method of meeting and vanquishing the hostile force of ideas is to state the true idea in all its manifold beauty; to shew how much better it takes in facts, disposes of difficulties, meets objections, answers to the inarticulate longings of the human heart, to the anticipations of the human reason. This was what the later Stoics attempted to do in regard to Epicureanism. In Seneca's Epistles, for example, you see a continual reference to the dogmas of the Epicurean, which his own philosophy sought to amalgamate.

But here we must indicate a great mistake the Anglicans and all non-Catholics make; we mean, that religion is to them only "an idea;" that is, a philosophy, a system that disposes with more or less success of difficulties. Tractarianism attracted them as a beautiful "view;" and the reason why they do not become Catholics, when the superior beauty of the Catholic "view" is shewn them, is, that still Catholicity is to their minds only another view, another idea, which in its turn might give place to a third. Catholicity is more than this. It is no mere product of circumstances and times, or the excogitation of human reason; but a supernatural institution founded by Almighty God himself, to tell us with infallible authority what we have to believe in order to be saved. As an idea, it is indeed in perfect accordance with human reason, meets every difficulty and responds to every want; but if that were the only sense in which it were accepted, it would not be accepted on faith. All that must be pointed out, just as objections as to fact must be removed; but the last step is an act of faith. "What seekest thou of the Church of God?" the Church herself asks of the catechumen at baptism; and the answer is, "Faith."

"Give to me faith! my weary soul is pining,
O'ershadowed by dark thoughts. Oh, let me rest,
These fearful doubts submissively resigning,
Kind Mother Church, upon thy holy breast.
Oh, give me faith!

Give to me faith! mine eyes are dim and clouded,
In evil paths too long my steps have strayed;
Blindly I've wandered on—in darkness shrouded,
By my own erring heart deceived, betrayed.—
Oh, give me faith!"*

* These beautiful stanzas are quoted from an American paper, the *Catholic Herald*, of the early part of 1848.

Minds in this state, really feeling that God requires them to believe something in order to salvation, anxiously looking round to find that something, and ready to submit humbly to that authority, could they once discover it, which He has instituted to teach men infallibly what it is,—such minds will welcome the evidence afforded them by the splendour and variety of the Catholic dogma. The idea which had previously possessed them is overborne and vanquished intellectually by the superior majesty and authority of the Catholic idea. Then comes the office of faith, without which the latter would be to them merely a philosophy, like so many others that had attracted them for a moment, and one after another had gone out, leaving the soul exhausted and hopeless. We conceive that for such inquirers those beautiful articles in Cardinal Wiseman's first volume, on the Parables, the Miracles, and the Actions of the New Testament, furnish quite a treasure-house of instruction; and to Catholics of the cultivated class not only a most interesting and fruitful help to meditation, but a means of suggesting topics for argument of the most valuable kind. To the quiet, thoughtful conversations of friend with friend will here be afforded many a hint that it would take weeks to expound, and the effect of which might, by God's blessing, extend over a lifetime. Protestants imagine Catholics know little of Scripture: they will here find out that nothing but the Catholic Church can unlock the mysteries of Scripture; and that it is quite possible, nay demonstratively certain, that a Protestant may have been reading his Bible, a chapter a day, for half his lifetime, and yet that it has been completely a sealed book to him. Look, for instance, at the book of Esther. What can it be to a Protestant, what lesson can it convey, that can at all make him see its importance in the canon of inspired writings? But once apply the key of Catholic doctrine to it,—once perceive that Esther is a type of the Blessed Virgin, like so many others of the holy women of the old law,—and how instantaneously does the truth of that application establish itself! Take away Catholic doctrine, and the very meaning of the narrative vanishes. Just so is it with the parables and "actions" of the New Testament. Whoever studies them in the light of Catholic doctrine will need no other evidence of its truth. His reason must be convinced, and the way is clear for the operation of grace. It is almost in vain quoting from writings which should be studied as wholes. It is the multiplication and convergence of arguments that constitutes their value; and a single passage, or a selection of "beauties," can, of course, give no idea of trains of thought requiring close and

continuous attention. Yet we will instance one passage, which we single out chiefly because it has reference to the Blessed Virgin, and which we believe the candid Protestant reader will admit conveys a reflection that is to him totally new, and which nevertheless he will find it wholly impossible to evade :

“ Whatever may have been the importance of the facts or events to which they [the Apostles] were called to be witnesses, there was one of more importance than them all, one which is the very groundwork of the Christian dispensation, without the certainty of which the entire system falls to pieces. This is the mystery of the Incarnation, as accomplished upon earth. To this God willed that there should be only one witness ; of all its holiest details one sole evidence. ‘ In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word must stand,’ except the Word of words, the Incarnate Word. This must stand attested to the world for ever by only one witness,—and that was Mary, the ever-blessed. Who could tell that Gabriel came from heaven, and brought her from the Eternal Father a message ? Who, that she was alarmed at his greeting ? Who, that she hesitated to accept the proposed prerogative of a divine maternity, at its imagined price ? Who, that he manifested the fulness of the gift, and the miraculous agency by which it had to be accomplished ? Who, her virginal consent, and its concurrent effect, the Mystery of life, the Emanuel in existence, a God-man in being ? Only she, the chosen, exclusive partaker on earth of the most hidden counsels of the Almighty.

“ Now, first, take away her contribution to the gospel testimony, efface her testimony to Christianity, and you find not simply a limb broken, but the very fastening of the whole chain wanting ; not merely a gap or a break made in the structure, but the foundation gone. In the laws of belief on testimony, what elsewhere appears unnatural is true. If you want to make a structure look unsafe, you represent it as a pyramid resting on its point. Yet when the number of believers increases at each generation from the first source of evidence, it is clear that a diagram representing this fact, and the unity of derivation of the truth believed, would present this very form. Now here the belief in the wonders wrought in the Incarnation, of ages and of the world, rests upon one point of testimony, a unit, a single voice—that of the Blessed Virgin Mary.” (Vol. i. pp. 590, 591.)

3. The last class of reasons which keep men away from the Catholic Church, whilst we believe it really influences them the least, must nevertheless be dealt with by the controversialist as if it had the utmost force. Anglicans, indeed, would be offended or hurt at being told that the difficulties as to fact which they urge are not their real reasons for holding back ; that the genuine wall of separation they have to surmount lies beyond them, in the moral and intellectual cha-

racter or set of ideas which grace only can dislodge. But a moment's consideration will shew that our view is a just one. How is it, for instance, if difficulties as to invocation of saints or devotion to relics keep them back, that they evince no special dislike, but the contrary, to the Greek schismatics, who even exaggerate these very doctrines? The real causes which detain them lie too deep for themselves to see; and their ignorance of them will not be removed by our assuring them that we are able to perceive them so vividly. Grace, and grace only, can change the character, or impart to mere philosophy the light of faith. But, at the same time, there may be an amount of difficulties as to fact that must necessarily be removed. Grace may be very long in working after that is effected, but still it must be effected; because these difficulties are like a material bar to the mind, which it cannot break through. For examples of the arguments which are required to dispose of these difficulties, we may instance two articles in these volumes, both of which have had a wonderful effect in clearing the way for conversion; we allude to that in the first volume on "Ancient and Modern Catholicity," and that in the second on "the Catholic and Anglican Churches," in which a complete and most striking parallel is drawn between the history of the latter and that of the Donatist schism. These two papers did more to cut away the ground from under the feet of the Anglican Church than any thing that has appeared since Bishop Milner's work, when the controversy was in such a very different state. And the effect of these is witnessed by two of the principal leaders of the party, since Catholics. Father Newman, in the dedication to his *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations*, mentions that the article on the Donatist schism suggested to him the first doubts that had crossed his mind as to the truth of the Anglican system; and Mr. Ward, in his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, quotes whole pages of the other article to which we have referred. In fact, so far as regards the question of the early Church, these articles might be called "An End of Controversy." No answer could be made to them. Yet the former was written in 1839, six long years before the conversions from Oxford fairly commenced; and the latter in 1843, when there were yet two years of delay to be wearily spent by many of those whose intellect must have been already in a great measure convinced; and by others, who as it were exhausted the utmost possibility of the Anglican Establishment's being a part of the Catholic Church, eight or nine years of additional delay were yet to be gone through, and others even yet remain behind.

Whilst, however, the character and ideas remain which hinder grace, the old arguments will still be urged, just as if they had never been answered; and young people will grow up, accepting the Anglican view and Anglican statements of facts, just as if they had never undergone a refutation so complete as to break up the party which relied upon them. The Anglican controversy will thus long continue to be one of the most important to which our students can possibly direct their attention; and if they wish to have the leading points of it thoroughly at command, they should get up thoroughly these volumes, *nocturnâ versanda manu, versanda diurnâ*. They can then hardly be at fault any where, whether they are assailed by the bold assertions of the early Tract-writers as to the primitive Church, or by the feeble, scrupulous, Jansenistic reasoning by which Mr. Keble attempted, at the end of the movement, to stay the torrent of conversions. One branch, belonging, however, rather to the second division of our subject than to this, still remains, which it were to be wished any great Catholic theologian of sufficient leisure would investigate; we mean, the heretical character of the Puseyite system of "adaptations," the principle of those adaptations, and the general features of the devotions of that school.

We have not said a word of the exquisite papers on the subject of Christian art, or of the historical and literary articles in this collection; above all, that on the contemporary ecclesiastical history of Spain, perhaps the most complete view we remember ever to have met with of the state of a Church the least familiar to the generality of readers, but yielding to scarcely any in interest or importance. To do justice to these would, of course, require a separate article, although in all his discursive inquiries the Cardinal never loses sight of the leading purpose a Catholic ought to have in any intellectual recreation. Nothing he does is a "blank action," nothing a mere literary amusement, but all converges to the service of the Church. This great purpose he himself has described, in words the modesty and the wisdom of which afford a most beautiful and instructive lesson to every Catholic scholar:

"I feel it a duty, rather than a satisfaction, to say, that on looking over this collection of papers, stretching over a period of seventeen years, covering that critical period of life which comprises the maturity of youthful vigour and the commencement of intellectual decline,—the age of bold thoughts, and that of cautious emendations,—I have not found an opinion or feeling that I have ceased to entertain. . . . Were it hinted that such consistency of sentiment was to be attributed to firmness of character, or depth of previous reflection, or early

maturity of judgment in the writer, it would be merely a boast, as misplaced as it would be false. Only a principle could stand the test of so many years; and in religious ideas only one principle can remain unchangeable. It is to render homage to this truth that I consider it a duty. Looking back over this long term of years, remembering how one fixed determination formed my whole stock of principles for theory and practice, and seeing how faithfully it has supplied the want of much learning, the absence of brilliant gifts, the dearth of popular topics, and deficiency in popular arts, I have surely a right to prize it above all these advantages, and consider it as a part of that heavenly wisdom which God refuses to none in His Church. And this was the determination to keep strictly under her guidance, to prize her orthodox teaching beyond all seductive theories, all brilliant paradoxes, all palliating explanations; to love Catholic truth, simple and unmodified as found at its centre, as practised by artless believers; to look there for parity of doctrine and accuracy of observance, where God has left the richest deposit for the future resurrection in the ashes of His apostles. This unbounded devotion to Christ's own Church, this undeviating adherence to her supreme Ruler, has been the chart and compass by which I have endeavoured to sail; and while I humbly trust that not a word will be found in these volumes discordant with her teaching, her maxims, her desires, her thoughts, I submit to her correction all that is here written, and beg every obscurity or dubiousness to be interpreted on this principle.

"To this one elementary principle, which a child may have as easily as a man, I exclusively attribute any good results which may have flowed from these essays. I cannot indeed, without ingratitude, reject the consolation received from effects attributed to them; for I fear that my readers will wonder sometimes at finding wants mentioned now so well supplied, and feelings suggested long become so familiar that the very memory of our deficiencies has faded away. More than half a generation has passed by since those passages were written which now describe an unknown state of things. And if their words had some influence in producing the change, their power lay in this alone,—that they were sincere, cordial, and affectionate descriptions of realities often witnessed by the writer, deeply admired and tenderly loved; they were words of truth and of charity, which ever bear with them their own evidences and convictions straight to the minds of all." (Vol. i. preface, pp. xi.-xiii.)

TOMBS OF HERETICS IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

Tre Sepolcri con Pitture ed Iscrizioni appartenenti alle Superstizioni pagane del Bacco Sabazio e del Persidico Mitra scoperti in un braccio del Cimitero di Pretestato in Roma. Dissertazioni due del P. Raffaele Garrucci, della Compagnia di Gesù. Napoli, 1853.

WE notice this work, not with any intention of laying a detailed abstract of its contents before our readers, who would scarcely be interested by them, but for the sake of calling attention to the fact which it concerns, and which, if not rightly understood, will lead to much error and confusion with reference to the Roman Catacombs. Every one knows the stupid calumny whereby English Protestants, from the days of Burnet and Misson down to Hobart Seymour and Dr. Baylee, have sought to throw discredit upon those venerable remains of Christian antiquity, by representing them as no other than the *Puticoli* mentioned by Festus Pompeius and others, where—to use the language of the historian of the Reformation already referred to—“the meanest sort of the Roman slaves were laid, and so, without any further care about them, were left to rot;” so that the bones which from time to time have been removed from thence, and enshrined under the altars of churches as the relics of Christian saints, may very probably—so these gentlemen would have us believe—have been the remains of some idolatrous heathen. The absurdity and malignity of this theory has been already abundantly confuted in these pages; and there is no occasion to go over the same ground again.* But here is a new fact just come to light, or at least now for the first time made generally known to the public,—a fact acknowledged and published by Catholic students of the Catacombs themselves,—which, though far from really confirming the Protestant theory alluded to, yet will certainly be thought by many persons to give some countenance to their doubts respecting the genuineness of Christian relics taken from this source; and so, if not duly explained, will cause much uneasiness to Catholics, and give an imaginary triumph to our adversaries. First, then, let us briefly state the facts of the case, and then proceed to their explanation.

In one of the vineyards on the left-hand side of the road which leads out of Rome to the Basilica of St. Sebastian, and not far beyond the little chapel known by the name of *Domine*

* See Rambler, vol. ii. p. 121.

quo vadis, is a tower, under which an entrance has been opened into the Catacomb of St. Pretextatus. On first entering into this branch of the Catacombs, there is nothing to distinguish it from other portions of the same cemetery; the galleries are of the ordinary height and width, and the graves are excavated in the usual manner; but after we have advanced about a hundred yards or more into the interior, we come to two sepulchres on opposite sides of the gallery, which at once arrest the attention of all to whom these subjects are familiar. There is nothing strange in the size or form of the graves; they are of that kind known to the Christian student by the name of *arcisolum*, which are sometimes met with in the sides of the subterranean galleries, as well as in their more common position as altars in the *cubicula* or chambers used for the celebration of the holy mysteries. But it is in the paintings by which these *arcisolia* are ornamented that the practised eye at once detects something essentially different from the specimens of ancient Christian art that are to be seen elsewhere throughout the Catacombs. Instead of the histories of the fall of man, or of Noe saved in the ark, of Daniel in the lions' den, of the three children in the fiery furnace, of Jonas and the whale, or any other subject taken from the Old Testament; instead of the figures of our Lord or of His Blessed Mother, of St. Peter, or of some Christian martyr, —we see figures of Mercury and Pluto and the Fates, and a great deal more, equally savouring of Pagan superstition. On the one side is represented the figure of a strong and bearded man, wearing a wreath of laurel on his head, and carrying off in a chariot drawn by four horses the body of a female deceased. Mercury, with his winged helmet and caduceus, leads the horses by their bridle; and an inscription over all announces that this is the *Abreptio Vibies et Discensio*. In the next scene we have Pluto and Proserpine, or, as they are here called, *Dis Pater* and *Abracura*, seated on a lofty throne or judgment-seat, at the foot of which stand the three Fates (*fata divina*) on the right hand; and on the left, Mercury (*Mercurius nuntius*) introducing two females, over whose heads are written *Vibia* and *Alcestis*. After judgment follows the award; and accordingly we have next represented to us a group of six persons reclining at a feast, with wine and provisions before them and servants in attendance; and these, the painter tells us, are *bonorum judicio judicati*, and one of them is *Vibia*; whilst at the same time, according to a practice by no means uncommon amongst ancient artists, she is again represented in the same picture as in the act of being introduced to the feast, but not yet seated at the table; she stands in the

entrance, being led forward by a man holding a crown in his hand, and designated *Angelus bonus*, and over the doorway is written *Inductio Vibies*. In a fourth compartment of the same tomb we have another scene, which it is not so easy to weave into the same story: seven men are seated at a sumptuous feast, three of them wearing Phrygian caps; all are described as pious priests (*septe pii sacerdotes*), but the name is only given of one in particular, *Vincentius*; and an inscription of three or four lines, which is placed over the whole sepulchre, shews that Vincentius himself was the principal person buried here. Perhaps Vibia may have been his wife; but this does not appear.

The pictures of the *arcisolum* on the other side of the gallery are by no means so interesting; but they are still more unmistakeably Pagan: three or four warriors, a naked Venus, an old man holding up a dead lamb towards five stars, apparently offering it in sacrifice; one or two winged geniuses with palms or laurels in their hands, and a few birds and scroll ornaments, make up the whole. Now, what is the meaning of all this? and how comes it into a Christian cemetery? These are the questions which naturally suggest themselves for our consideration. For a full and complete answer to the first, we must refer our readers to the learned dissertations of Father Garrucci, the substance of which we had the satisfaction of receiving from himself some four or five years ago, but whose details none but an accomplished Orientalist can rightly appreciate. Suffice it to say, that he establishes beyond all possibility of question that these sepulchres belong to followers of the worship of Mithras, who were banished from Rome (or at least the caves in which they performed their impious ceremonies were destroyed)* about the year A.D. 378, or, according to Baronius, 383.

But how came such persons to find a grave in the Catacombs? This is to us a far more interesting question than the other, since it affects the esteem in which the Catacombs may be held for their Christian character. Hitherto it has always been taught by the best Catholic writers, that if the Roman Catacombs were not in themselves an essentially Christian work, wholly excavated by the labour of the faithful (of which, however, we have not so much as a shadow of a doubt ourselves), yet certainly they were exclusively possessed by them, and not used for the burial either of heathens or of heretics. But how, then, can we account for these tombs of Vincentius and Vibia and their companions? In this point of view, it

* See St. Jerome, Ep. cvii. ad Lætam. Prudent. adv. Symmachum, lib. i.

will be interesting to observe the history of the paintings we have described. In the days of Bosio and Arringhi they were unknown. Bosio had never happened to penetrate into this particular branch of the Catacombs, and they were therefore undiscovered. But by the time Bottari undertook to illustrate and explain the paintings of subterranean Rome, they had been brought to light; he himself had seen them. Unfortunately, however, his learning was not equal to his good will. He saw enough to disturb and alarm him; but he could not understand the whole, and he thought it dangerous to publish to the world a full and particular account of it; accordingly the reader will find in his pages but a very imperfect statement of what has been here described. We are sorry that we have not Bottari at hand to refer to;* but if our memory and our memoranda do not mislead us, he has published, instead of *Abreptio Vibies et discensio*, *Facilis est discensio*, and supposes it to be a statement concerning the certainty of death, expressed in Virgilian language. *Dis Pater* and *Abracura*, and *Fata Divina*, and some other portions, he omitted altogether, saying they were illegible. How far this plea was genuine, we will not undertake to determine. We succeeded in deciphering nearly the whole of the inscription ourselves; but it was certainly a work of great difficulty. What makes us suspect the sincerity of Bottari's excuse is, that his eyes seem to have been sufficiently keen to recognise all those portions of the paintings and inscriptions which could be made, without any remarkable violence, to bear a Christian sense; but that they were totally blind to the more obstinately Pagan portions of the performance. Moreover, it is a remarkable circumstance, that with him the knowledge of the precise locality of the paintings seems to have perished. No future explorer in the Catacombs could ever succeed in finding them. Raoul Rochette wrote a dissertation upon them, in which he maintained that they were allegorical representations of Christian verities, veiled under images borrowed from heathen mythology; but he had never seen them. We are indebted to the learned and indefatigable Father Marchi for their re-discovery after a diligent search of more than five years; and he has told us that the state of the neighbouring galleries bore every appearance of the place having been purposely and carefully concealed. Now, however, it is once more open to the world, and all to be seen there has been honestly published; still, even this will not altogether protect us, we fear, from the mischievous timidity of persons who, undertaking to write on

* The reference is to tom. iii. pref. and pp. 1, 192, 188, 111.

these subjects without sufficient learning, dare not tell the whole truth. We have reason to believe that in an important publication about to appear in another country, the *Venus*, for instance, of this tomb is to be omitted, as a manifest scandal in a Christian cemetery; and that by the help of a garbled and doctored representation of the whole, the armour-clad and laurel-crowned figures will be made to do duty as emblems of the cardinal virtues, Pluto and Proserpine (we presume the names will be omitted) as our Lord and His Blessed Mother, &c. &c. The injury to the cause of truth inflicted by writers of this character can scarcely be exaggerated, and they are to be found at all times and among all classes. To mention another instance, the first that occurs to us, from works written upon the Catacombs. The following inscription, taken from thence, may be seen in the cloisters of the Basilica of St. Paul *fuori le mura*:

ΕΥΨΥΧΙ ΣΕΚΟΤΝΔΑ ΟΥ
ΔΙΣ ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ.

In the same place is another inscription—*mutato nomine*, the same—and in the Lapidarian Gallery at the Vatican two or three more; so that perhaps there may be half-a-dozen inscriptions altogether expressing this sentiment. “But it is not a Christian sentiment,” somebody objects, “to tell the survivors to be of good cheer, and not to despair at the death of some loved one, for that it is the common lot of all men: οὐδείς ἀθάνατος (no man is immortal) is what a pagan might say; it ought never to be used as a Christian epitaph.” Perhaps not; but it is obvious to answer that there it is, and that we can only account for it, therefore, as best we may. Instead of doing this, however, there have been authors, both ancient and modern, who, taking advantage of the incorrect orthography of some of the inscriptions, and of the awkward division of the words into syllables in others, by the help of coining a few improbable or impossible proper names, and by leaving some portion of the inscription perhaps altogether unintelligible, gravely tell us that we must read δις ἀθάνατος, and interpret “twice immortal,” “doubly immortal.” We will not stop to inquire what sense they would have us put upon the reading thus violently obtained; it is against the process by which it is got that we desire to enter our strongest protest, and against the whole system, of which these are by no means exaggerated specimens, whereby timid, half-educated men would fain conceal a difficulty which they feel themselves unequal to solve. Cardinal Wiseman has somewhere insisted upon this topic—we think in his *Lectures on the Connexion between Science*

and Revealed Religion—the extreme folly of imagining that the cause of religion is to be served by the rejection of facts that have been or that may be demonstrated; and certainly the very opposite course is that which is followed both by his Eminence himself and by every other writer of real sterling merit. Some may even be suspected of erring on the side of an excess of candour, in stating or suggesting difficulties which minds less keen would never have detected. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*

We were shewing how the difficulty of accounting for the presence of these tombs of heretics in a Catholic cemetery has been sometimes met in times past, and how, in spite of P. Garucci's publication, we are not at all sure that it will not be met again. But what is the true and safe way of meeting it? It happens here, as in so many other branches of human knowledge, that apparent difficulties, when thoroughly sifted, furnish the most decisive confirmation of what at first sight they seemed to contradict. An accurate examination of the spot where these tombs have been found has satisfied us that the gallery in which they are, together with the adjacent *cubiculum*, formed no part of the original Christian catacomb. In a series of papers which appeared in some of the earliest numbers of our magazine, we had occasion to point out how it is that a heathen *columbarium* may sometimes be found in immediate proximity with some part of a Christian cemetery, and apparently having actual communication with it. We said that the excavators of the Catacombs could scarcely fail sometimes to encounter those pagan buildings which, like their own, were buried (in part at least) below the surface of the ground, but that when such an accident occurred, they would lose no time in repairing, and, if possible, concealing the mischief; and that the actual appearances of the soil, wherever a *columbarium* and a catacomb had happened to come in contact, uniformly confirmed this theory; for that we find either the ruins of a wall which had once been raised to separate them, or that the street of graves is abruptly terminated precisely at that point, or, at any rate, that no staircase or any other kind of entrance, of really ancient construction, is ever to be seen uniting them. The same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, is to be said in the case before us. An eye familiar with every architectural detail of the Catacombs cannot fail to recognise, by slight yet unequivocal indications, that the existing connexion between the Catacomb of St. Pretextatus and the gallery in which Vincentius and Vibia were buried was no part of the original design. We cannot now lay our hands on a memorandum which we made on the spot as to the precise number of feet

which this gallery lies below the level of the streets of the catacomb. If we remember rightly, it was certainly as much as ten or twelve feet; and though we can now pass from one to the other with difficulty, by scrambling over a high mound of earth and stones, there is no vestige of an ancient staircase or other legitimate mode of communication. Moreover, the acute De Rossi made us observe that the condition of the roof is quite inconsistent with the idea that there ever had been a staircase beneath it; for in all such cases the roof will be found to slope with the staircase, whereas here it is perfectly flat. It is not easy, perhaps, to make our description clearly understood without some topographical sketch. We must try, however; and what we mean is this,—that whereas, under ordinary circumstances, in passing from one floor or level of a catacomb to another, we find the slope of the roof corresponding with that of the staircase, so that the roof should be always at one uniform height above the head of the traveller, here, on the contrary, we find precisely the same level of the roof that there was in the higher story of the catacomb maintained also in the lower—not a proportionate level, but identically the same; so that, supposing the height of the gallery in the upper story to have been ten feet, and the depth of the lower story below the upper to have been ten feet also, then the height of the gallery in the lower story is not ten feet, but twenty. This is inexplicable on the supposition that they were both parts of the same original plan; but if, as we maintain, the cemetery of the heretics were the most ancient construction, or rather excavation, of the two, and had been involuntarily broken in upon by the Christians, this appearance is at once satisfactorily accounted for, and the position of this pagan or semi-pagan gallery and *cubiculum* in the midst of a Christian burial-place is no longer a perplexing problem. We have said, their presence *in the midst of* a Christian burial-place; but we have as yet only spoken of the mode of their connexion with that burial-place on *one* side, not on both; and unless we can shew some similar tokens of original isolation on the other side also, our demonstration will not be complete. This we acknowledge; and we acknowledge also that we are unable at the present moment to name any such tokens. At the same time, it must be conceded that the proof which has been adduced with reference to the one side creates a very strong presumption with reference to the other—a presumption which we hope ere long will be changed into certainty, as the result of the laborious excavations now being carried on under the able direction of Father Marchi and the Cavaliere de Rossi. Meanwhile we would desire to caution our readers against being too

easily alarmed by reports which are pretty sure to get into circulation, founded upon Garrucci's publication, to the effect that recent discoveries in the Catacombs have thrown great suspicion upon their Christian and Catholic character. Such reports will be like the grave discovery of the Protestant divine, who not long since, after witnessing, for the first time in his life, the Mass of the Presanctified in Rome, and having satisfied himself that it was not celebrated "in any other part of the Roman Church," published to the world that it was "so alien from all the doctrines usually taught in the Church of Rome, and so opposed to all the doctrinal views of the Council of Trent," that Roman divines were greatly puzzled what to make of it. It was new to *him*; therefore it must needs be a puzzle to *them*. So, in like manner, each sciolist in the antiquities of Rome, who may happen to come to the knowledge of this book or of the pictures it explains, is not unlikely to draw the hasty conclusion which we have supposed. The tombs of heretics in the Catacombs! Then they were not exclusively Catholic. What conclusion could be more seemingly just and reasonable? Yet, in the sense in which it would be urged, none could be more entirely false and unwarranted by the facts of the case. We are very conscious that we have not done justice to Father Garrucci's learned dissertations by making them the text of these remarks; but our interest in the reputation of the Roman Catacombs, as a whole, is far greater than our curiosity with reference to any one painting or inscription in them in particular, and we think it also more generally important to the public.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE MUSICAL FACULTY.

Bibliothèque classique des Pianistes. Chaque volume orné du portrait, et précédé de la biographie de l'auteur, et de l'analyse raisonnée de ses œuvres. Par Fétis, père. Paris, Schonenberger; London, Burns and Lambert.

THE *Classical Library of Pianoforte-Players* forms one of a number of unusually cheap musical publications recently brought out by Schonenberger in Paris, and many of them now on sale at our publishers' in London at correspondingly low prices. The *Classical Library* reaches fifteen volumes, and includes a selection of the best pianoforte works of Beethoven, Cramer, Clementi, Hummel, Weber, Mozart, Haydn,

Dussek, Field, Ries, Steibelt, Emmanuel Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Kalkbrenner.

Another and equally valuable series from the same French publisher is the *Répertoire de morceaux d'ensemble, exécutés par la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, arrangés pour piano seul*. This collection consists of symphonies, overtures, concertos, &c. by the greatest masters of the orchestra, arranged with a perfect appreciation of the capacities and limits of the pianoforte for the reproduction of orchestral effects. Equal skill and judgment characterise the arrangement of Beethoven's *Chamber Compositions for the Pianoforte*; and all are sold at a price unusually low. These three are the most important of Schonenberger's editions; but his catalogue is extremely extensive, and contains a large quantity of music well deserving of notice. Contenting ourselves with this general reference to the whole, we proceed to offer our readers a few suggestions on the general cultivation of the musical faculty, with special reference to the circumstances of the present day.

That this faculty exists in a greater or less degree in nearly all men and women, we do not entertain the smallest doubt. That it is more easily and perfectly developed in one nation than another is certainly true; but the same truth holds good with regard to every other human faculty. We should no more expect a Shakspeare than a Handel from the interior of Africa, and should be equally incredulous of the existence of a Leibnitz as of a Palestrina or a Raphael in the northernmost parts of Greenland. Still, the poetic faculty, and the mathematical faculty, and the painting faculty, belong to human nature as such; and so also does the musical faculty. In fact, in some shape or other, music is as universal as articulate language.

Some say, however, that the English are not a musical people in the same sense as the Italians or the Germans. Probably not *altogether* in the same sense. The imaginative faculty, so far as regards art, is, and always has been, less vivid and less prolific in our foggy isle than in drier and sunnier climes. Mozart and Haydn, and the other German masters, were born and lived, it is true, where the winter's cold makes an English January quite hot in comparison. But they knew not London fogs or dreary summers. They knew rain and frost, and in right good earnest; but their brains were not muddled, or driven to the eager, restless worry of politics and business, by that chronic dismalness and almost daily oppressiveness in the atmosphere which is the lot of us grumbling, care-loving, and money-making Britons. Still, the English *are* a musical people.

Three hundred years ago every gentleman could sing by note. We have even originated and brought to great perfection one species of musical composition,—and that a very charming one,—the glee. Our old madrigals rival the masterpieces of Italy. We have had many very pleasing composers in other branches of the art, and some excellent ones. But the great fact is, that *no where* are the works of the *greatest* masters more appreciated than in England. The old Italian school is still cultivated with ardour by the various madrigal societies. To hear Handel with any thing like perfection the amateur *must* come to London, or Birmingham, or Liverpool, or Norwich. Mozart's operas are performed in England more frequently (in comparison with the trash of the present day) than, we believe, in any other country in Europe. Haydn was the idol of the Philharmonic Society, while alive; and Beethoven is every day more known and more appreciated, and is fast becoming to the present what Handel was to the past generation. The whole country too is overspread with singing classes, and harmonic societies, and madrigal clubs, and other musical associations; and, in truth, wherever a proper training is set going, and *good* and *well-performed* music is made familiar to the people, it becomes evident that we have a right to rank next to Germany and Italy as a people capable of truly appreciating and adequately performing every species of music that is worth cultivation.

If we still are doomed to hear either little or no music, or a large proportion of miserably-executed mediocrity, the fault is in the defective condition of our general musical education. Hence the unfortunate condition of too many of our Catholic choirs; hence the masses by Mozart, or Haydn, or even Beethoven, shuffled through by some five or six amateurs or fifth-rate “professionals”—(alas! too often Protestants of the worst stamp)—the soprano shrill and out of tune, the alto barely audible, the tenor agonisingly straining his voice to reach his highest notes, and the bass (on the whole) *ad libitum*; perfectly agreeing only in that eminently English peculiarity, the mumbling of the words with half-closed lips and teeth, so that no human ear can detect a syllable they utter; hence our feeble vespers, sung by the remnants of a morning choir in a mongrel, half-Anglican, half-Gregorian, and wholly abominable drawl; hence our Benedictions, without, too often, a sound from the kneeling congregation, even in that litany and those hymns which are pre-eminently intended for congregational singing. Hence, too, in Catholic as well as Protestant drawing-rooms, the unfortunate abortions, or mistaken efforts of ambition, which disappoint the hopes of the musical part of

the audience, and justify the theory of those unmusical ones who consider music an excellent thing for promoting conversation. Hence the "sweet" ballads of the young lady fresh from school, timidly warbled without regard to time, tune, sense, or feeling; hence the massacre of some "Capriccio" or "Variations" of Liszt or Chopin by some more ambitious and courageous maiden, or the really remarkable but by no means agreeable bravura or concerto of the *very* musical personage, whose "style" is formed on that of Grisi or Thalberg, or the Anglo-German or Anglo-Italian effort of the flattered youth who imagines himself a domestic Lablache or Staudigl. Hence, once more, the glees, the duetts, or the terzetti, "got up" on the spur of the moment, in which (as is usual) there is a perfect unanimity in one point alone, viz. the utter absence of distinctly-articulated words from treble, alto, tenor, and bass alike!

To one source are all these follies and annoyances to be attributed. They spring from no inherent incapacity for better things, but from a waste of labour in the musical education of the young, itself caused by a misconception of the very nature of music itself. A vast amount of time is expended in practising, and not a small sum is paid by willing (or unwilling) parents to music-masters and music-sellers; great also is the amount of unhappiness endured by unfortunate pupils in unprofitable toils, from no other cause than this, that music is not regarded as *a language*, a vehicle for expressing *something*, an instrument by which the soul utters its thoughts and feelings, but rather as a species of agreeable gibberish, as a device for putting unmeaning sounds together so as to tickle the ear, in the same way that a peach or a slice of venison tickles the palate.

Music, however, *is* a language. Its sounds as truly utter ideas and give vent to emotions, as the eloquence of Demosthenes or the poetry of Dante. Like articulate words, it has its limits; and the unmusical critic will say that these limits are mightily narrow; as the most inspired strains of the poet are unmeaning sounds to a London cabman or a Yankee dollar-worshipper. Not so, however, in reality. There are many things which words can say, which music cannot; but within its sphere, music can expand the conceptions of the mind, and awaken the emotions of the heart, with a piercing force and a satisfying intensity which undoubtedly exceeds any thing that mere spoken language can attain.

Being, then, a language, it follows, in the first place, that those musical compositions which are nothing more than exercises of the fingers or the voice, or displays of the scientific

skill of the composer, are inherently worthless; and in the second place, that no performance of music which does not, more or less, adequately render the true meaning which the composition is designed to convey, is worth labouring to attain, or worth listening to when accomplished. The same rules of common sense which govern the use of spoken language, must govern the use of musical language. The whole value of the former depends *on what is said*, and not alone *on the manner of saying it*. The manner of saying must be thought of, and is indeed of very serious importance; but of itself it is nothing. We all agree to despise and laugh at the mere "rhetorician," or those who talk "cant" or chatter like parrots, or whose aim in speaking and writing is to attract attention to their flowing periods, or brilliant imagery, or perfect pronunciation. And it is the neglect of this common sense in music which acts so perniciously on our musical acquirements. From girlhood or boyhood the young pupil is taught to consider a musical performance as *a display*, an exhibition of finger-work or throat-work. A good player—it is drilled into the poor little creatures' heads,—is one who can play difficult music; and not one who can thoroughly comprehend the meaning of a composition, and execute it so as to express the intention of its composer, whether it be the simplest melody or the most elaborate concerto. A grown-up woman who can do nothing more than sing a short English song, requiring scarcely any execution, is considered, musically, a nobody. "Any body can sing one of those old-world airs," is the notion fostered in the embryo musician's brain. "We must learn to play what is new, what is fashionable, what Miss A. can play, what Miss B. tries to play and cannot; we must study the last new book on Italian vocalisation, and the works of the last new "prodigious" pianiste, and the songs of the opera just brought out at the Queen's Theatre or Covent Garden." Such are the fancies of the young, and the follies of those who instruct them; and such being the case, who can wonder that in three cases out of four musical studies turn out a failure; that parents are disappointed and teachers get little credit; that young ladies "give up their music" when they marry, and that playing and singing is voted a bore by two out of three of the male sex collected in a drawing-room assemblage.

If we may now venture to indicate briefly the plan we would, on the other hand, pursue in respect of musical education, we would say, in the first place, try to teach every one while he or she is still a child. Whether it be singing only, or the pianoforte only, or both of them, or the violin, or the

violoncello, or that least worthy of popular instruments, the flute, at any rate, give every boy and girl a fair trial. Two or three months will suffice for a *competent* teacher to ascertain whether it is idleness, or temporary, or real incapacity which impedes the progress of those who seem to make no advance. Where the incapacity is real, by all means let the fruitless toil be given up; the more so as at some future period a fresh trial may be entered upon.

In the second place, let every thing be learnt thoroughly, or not at all. From the first little melody or exercise to the most difficult masterpiece, let the student's aim be to master whatever is attempted. Let the time be correct, the tune perfect, the words clearly pronounced, the voice properly managed and thrown out, the fingering smooth and even, the *pianos* and *fortes* and other points of expression carefully attended to, and throughout let the spirit of the piece, whether it be a simple child's song, or the most dramatic of operatic works, be entered into and expressed. Thus the drudgery of the beginner's toils will be alleviated, and the pupil will from the very first find a charm in his work.

Next, as to the general mode of instruction. As the object of all teachers ought to be to make the path of learning smooth instead of rugged, we should advise a union of the agreeable with the toilsome from the first to the last. Combine easy, lively, or touching songs and melodies with the very first instructions in singing and playing. Why should a child be forced to learn its notes, and to read music generally, from long dreary pages of abstract information, instead of being taught to apply each portion of knowledge *immediately* in some extremely simple, but attractive performance. Our object should be to *interest* the young mind, and make it feel that pleasure in the study which will instantly double or treble the speed at which progress is made under the usual adverse circumstances. And so till the student has ceased to attempt to make progress. Scales and exercises should be combined with regular compositions; this one rule being always observed, that the student's labour should be devoted to the mastering works, which are *just within* his reach by means of moderate practice. If he studies only those which cost him no labour, he will make no progress; if he toils at those far beyond him, he will be disheartened, and remain a slovenly, unsatisfactory performer to the end of his days.

Lastly, as to the works to be studied. Here we can suggest but one rule:—avoid *rubbish* of every kind, whether the rubbish of the silly-ballad school, or the rubbish of the modern tremendous-execution school, or the rubbish of the old

learned school, or Handel's rubbish, or the rubbish that has proceeded from any other great master in his unfortunate moments of composition. We look upon all music as worthless which is either ugly, or vapid and unmeaning; where the melodies are dry and inexpressive, or the harmonies twaddling and commonplace; and that whether the composition be the last new "charming ballad" advertised in the newspapers, with words, melody, and harmony of the most milk-and-water feebleness, or a soulless fugue by Handel or Haydn, or a dismal symphony by Spohr, or a scholastic and portentously difficult *morceau* by Mendelssohn. All music is bad where the notes have no meaning, or a silly meaning. Compositions manufactured to shew the contrapuntal skill of the writer, or the vocal or manual dexterity of the singer or player, are no more real *music*, than the rhetorical trash of the platform spouter and the newspaper penny-a-liner is poetry and eloquence. Undoubtedly there are different styles in music, as there are different species of poetry and styles of prose writing; and there are different kinds of composition, as a sonnet is different from an epic, and a well-expressed note of invitation is different from an historical essay. So too, as in spoken language, one person prefers one poet, one historian, one preacher, and another prefers another; thus in music, one loves Palestrina, another Handel, another Mozart, another Haydn, another Beethoven. A narrow-minded exclusive study of any one school of music must therefore be carefully avoided. The student should be initiated into the merits and beauties of all good writers of all dates from Palestrina to Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. Thus his taste will be at once purified and enlarged, his judgment will become discriminating, his emotions prepared to respond to every kind of genuine music, while his individual inclinations will be free to a special preference for that school or that writer, whose style may best fall in with the peculiarities of his own mind and feelings.

We are the more anxious to insist upon this point, because there exists too prevalent an idea among those who have the instruction of the young, that what is called *good* music is necessarily dry and unattractive, except to the accomplished musician. A greater error was never propagated. Certainly a large quantity of the best music requires long study and an advanced intelligence for its appreciation. Yet there exists a large amount of music of the simplest and most generally captivating character, which is worthy, as mere musical writing, of the greatest masters. Of the notorious "nigger melodies" which were all the rage a few years ago, some were excellent compositions, though we suppose their "arrangements" might have been improved. The airs which torture our ears on

barrel-organs are almost invariably good, striking, characteristic strains, which no composer need be ashamed of. Twaddle never becomes *universally* popular. The orators of Exeter Hall are nobodies to the world at large. Music which *every body* likes is invariably worth something. Let it not then be supposed that we wish to enforce dry, unpleasing music on the youthful learner. Far from it; we would with one stroke consign to utter oblivion every ugly and unmeaning composition which cumpers the shelves of the music-seller. In one monstrous dust-covered pile should lie not a few of the Italian madrigalists of the sixteenth century; hundreds of operas and oratorios, cantatas and fugues, by Carissimi, Hasse, Leo, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Bach, Mendelssohn, and we know not who besides, surmounted by nine-tenths of modern operatic music, and ninety nine hundredths of the ambitious trash of the thunder-and-lightning school which now stuns the ears of listeners, cracks the strings of pianofortes, and wearies the very atmosphere itself with the brazen blast of horns and trombones. Music, to repeat it once more, is a language; and combinations of notes which express nothing, should no more be admitted in musical education, than the silly small-talk of an empty-headed pair of gossips, or the florid bombast of a platform rhetorician, should be held up as models for imitation in conversation and writing.

SHORT NOTICES.

WE need not do more than announce the publication of the fourth volume of *De Ponte's Meditations* (Richardson and Son). The subject of this volume, which completes the second part of the whole work, or those meditations which are intended for the use of proficients in the illuminative way, is the Passion of our Lord; and those who have found in the preceding volumes the daily food of their devotion need not be told with what fulness, yet at the same time with what admirable order, all the adorable mysteries of the sufferings and death of Christ are here exhibited. In truth, they leave nothing to desire on this subject, and will be found to form a complete manual for the use of all classes of persons during the holy season of Lent.

All for Jesus; or, the Easy Ways of Divine Love, by the Very Rev. F. W. Faber (Richardson). We have heard but one opinion expressed about this work, and that opinion is our own—that it is just the one book that was wanted for these times and this country. This, no doubt, will sound exaggerated praise to such as have not as yet made acquaintance with the volume; but it is bestowed so universally and so enthusiastically, by such different sorts of people, that if ever the *consensus variorum* may be safely taken as a test of excellence, we may consider the judgment a decisive one. At any rate, we may use it as our justification for speaking in what, in ordinary cases, might be regarded as

extravagant terms of admiration for the work and of gratitude to the writer. We are but repeating what good and devout Catholics are saying all about us, when we declare that we never met with any one single book which afforded us so much practical instruction for daily, hourly, we had almost said, at the risk of writing questionable English, *momentary* use, and of such devout personal application to ourselves. This, we think, is its most wonderful characteristic. *Every body* finds it the very book he or she wanted. The man busied in the world, the professional man, the mother of a family, the lady with time on her hands, the active doer of good, the invalid lying on her sofa, the valetudinarian whose mental energies are greater than his physical capabilities, the hard-working and hard-worked secular priest, the religious on his mission,—from all these we have heard the same remark, that it was just the very book for their spiritual needs. It is a thoroughly matter-of-fact, business-like book, and yet it abounds in passages of great poetical power and beauty. The author seems to delight in homely and familiar phrases, and in what we may call nineteenth-century illustrations of the subject he has in hand; but what most impresses the reader's mind is the rich variety of apt instructions drawn from the lives of saints and from spiritual writers, of whom F. Faber possesses so marvellously extensive and intimate a knowledge. In our judgment it is a book for all classes, for all minds, so that they be but ordinarily intelligent and devoutly disposed. For ourselves, we will freely say we have found it so enchanting, so satisfying, so full of thought, and so suggestive, that we lingered over what we read, and have sometimes been positively unable to turn to the next page, from sheer reluctance to leave the solid and sumptuous feast set before us. This, again, is what others say: they devour for the sake of re-devouring what has already so fed and satisfied them. Every page seems to yield more than they can take in or profit by at a single reading.

We quite despair of giving our readers an idea of the contents of the book; it is fairly beyond our powers; its very fecundity baffles us. We prefer simply stating its object in the author's words. "I am not putting forward what is perfect," he says, "but what is easy. I am not trying to guide souls in high spirituality; God forbid I should be so foolish or so vain! As a son of St. Philip, I have especially to do with the world, and with people living in the world and trying to be good there, and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations. It is to such I speak; and I am putting before them not high things, but things which are at once attractive as devotions, and also tend to raise their fervour, to quicken their love, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. I want to make piety bright and happy to those who need such helps as I do myself." We have heard of one description of the work by an experienced secular priest, which may give our readers a better notion of its value than any thing we could say. "We want," he said, "in the Catholic body, English and Irish, what in the supernatural order corresponds with the great middle class in this country, which constitutes the bone and sinew of the social state; and, by the grace of God, such a work as this of F. Faber's is the very instrument to create it. The good this book will do is incalculable. I look upon its publication as the beginning of a new era among the Catholics of this land." We may add, that we know of no work better calculated to shew really candid and religious Protestants the essential connexion subsisting in the Catholic Church between what they regard as "rank Popery" and "childish superstition," and what they must acknowledge to be true and vital Christianity.

Notes on the Present Position of Catholics in India (London, Burns and Lambert) is a most interesting and important pamphlet, drawn up by the Rev. Father Strickland, an English Jesuit, and the Rev. Father Persico, a Neapolitan Capuchin, who are together commissaries of the vicars apostolic of India, and who have presented a petition concerning the affairs of Catholics in that vast empire, both to the House of Commons and to the Court of Directors of the East India Company. Most sincerely do we trust that the subject-matter of their petition will command the earnest and impartial consideration which it deserves from both those bodies. It concerns the spiritual welfare, not only of 16,000 of our fellow-countrymen, soldiers on active service there, together with their wives and children, but also of nearly 700,000 of our fellow-subjects, chiefly from among the native population, and descended from the converts of the European missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. That these men have suffered, and do still suffer, grievous wrong through the carelessness or the bigotry of the English government, is painfully demonstrated in these pages. To mention but a single instance: the *La Martinière* school of Calcutta, with an annual income of 10,000*l.*, was founded and endowed exclusively by a Catholic, and for Catholic education; yet the principles on which it is conducted are such that no Catholic can profit by it! Iniquity such as this needs no comment; and we cannot believe that when facts of this kind have been once fairly laid before the legislature, they will in these days be suffered to remain without redress. We trust that every body who is in a position to exercise any influence either on the government of this country, or, which comes indirectly to the same thing, on public opinion, will make himself master of the facts contained in these valuable *notes*, and then be careful not to neglect any opportunity which may present itself of forcing them upon the attention of others: let them be once generally known, and they must cease to exist.

The principal features in the new number of the *Dublin Review* (Richardson and Son) are an extremely clever, lively, yet at the same time thoughtful and accurate analysis of the life of Bishop Ken, taken as "the model man" of the Establishment; a good literary article, laudatory of the works of the transatlantic poet Longfellow; and a short essay on periodical literature, *apropos* to the essays of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. The other articles are of the ordinary degree of merit and interest.

Mr. Formby is indefatigable in his labours towards forming a children's musical library. His last publication is a collection of *Hymns and Sacred Songs* (Burns and Lambert), designed as a complement to his selections of secular music for children. The same good taste and judgment which characterised his former collections recommends the present. Many of the words have never before been published; they are all well chosen, simple, attractive, and really *childlike* without being *childish*. Those by Mr. Caswall may be singled out for especial notice. We have no hesitation in strongly recommending the work to all parents and teachers; and the more so, as in many schools the music-masters, being Protestants, will shew as little favour as possible to any thing wearing a Catholic aspect. It should be added, also, that the words of the Hymns and Songs may be had separately, at the cost of a penny and twopence each.

The Rambler.

PART LXX.

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To Correspondents.

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